

THE METROPOLITAN.

DECEMBER, 1837.

LITERATURE.

NOTICES OF NEW WORKS.

The Lady Annabetta, 3 vols. By the Author of "*Constance*," "*Rosabel*," &c.

THIS novel belongs to a class which has never lost its popularity. The other schools of romance have come into, and gone out of fashion. The ghosts and usurpations of the old English Baron, merged in the picturesque accessories, with which Mrs. Radcliffe invested her terrors. Then for a time the German imaginings reigned paramount; but no species of fiction has ever, from first to last, maintained its ground like that which is so entirely English—the actual and the domestic. It is curious to observe how completely these works have been the mirror of their times. Manners, opinions, change if not of feelings at least in the way of expressing those feelings, have all found chronicle in the page of the novelist. They are the social history of their time. How accurate is the picture drawn by Richardson! and it is this accuracy which still makes the charm of his writings—they keep the past alive. Within the last few years, a singularly false and vapid school sprang up, where the author's sole aim was to represent a class, and the material was found, not in the varied pages of human nature, but in those of the "*Morning Post*" and the "*Court Guide*." The sketches generally lacked interest, because they lacked truth; and the descriptions were caricatures, because the writers conceived themselves bound to give everything a certain air. They "*waltzed nowhere but at Almack's*." This was too unnatural to last, and a newer and more vigorous style again "*held up the glass to nature*." The "*Lady Annabetta*" is a novel of character and of manners; but of character as it exists in real life, and of manners belonging to various classes. The story is of great interest, and its actors have that first-rate merit, they seem as if they were actual acquaintances. We exclaim, How like such and such-a-one! The little country town, full of its own small rivalries, and still smaller ambitions, is done to the very life. The Dorcas Society will be an antiquarian curiosity an hundred years hence. The Lady Annabetta, who gives her name to the work, is an entirely new design. The moral process, which converts the high-minded and affectionate bride into the desponding and sullen wife, is fearfully and truly portrayed: while the eccentricity gradually deepening into insanity is as original as it is powerful. The two *roués*, the elder and the younger, are excellently contrasted—it was well to show

the valetudinarian with the grace and speciousness of youth departed—it indeed points the moral. But the flower of the work is the heroine: it is a portrait in the style of Lawrence—graceful, delicate, and highly finished, but touched with the poetry of the Italian colouring. We see the spoilt and flattered heiress measuring her own consequence by the adulation of a small and interested circle, but with one of those sweet natures nothing can spoil. The working out of her character deserves the highest praise—it leaves her softened yet strengthened, elevated and yet subdued.

“A perfect woman, nobly planned
To charm, to cherish, and command.”

The dialogue is very lively and pointed, and the tour abroad, besides conducing to the conduct of the story, would be delightful only as the diary of a traveller. We advise all who meditate a continental tour to enjoy it first in these pages. We quote the following scene, and leave “*The Lady Annabetta*” to add to Mrs. Thomson’s deservedly high reputation.

“It was evening, and the candles were lighted at the Hall. Mrs. Simcox was expected; Mr. Horn, whose entrance at the hall every day was almost as regular as that of the coal-scuttle, and as much heeded, was holding a skein of silk for Miss De Grey; Mrs. Taggart, who had been invited to dinner, possessing, as she did, a pre-eminent place in the favour of Lady Annabetta, was sitting in uneasy state upon a chair in the centre of a room; and Lady Annabetta, who never sat still, was coming in and out, looking wretched without any cause, sighing and rubbing her hands, and bemoaning herself, without method or motive in her lamentations.

“‘There, Mr. Horn—thank you, Mr. Horn; ’tis done,’ said Florence. ‘How nicely you hold silks;—almost as well as Jeffries.’

“‘Mrs. Taggart!’ exclaimed Lady Annabetta, with a deep sigh, as if she had been hearing a funeral sermon, ‘I don’t like to see you sitting there—so out of the way, or in the way, rather. Heigho!’

“‘No, my lady—no—’ said Mrs. Taggart, answering to a movement of her ladyship’s hand, ‘I decline taking the sofa; leave that, if you please, to Mrs. Simcox,’ she added, with some bitterness,—‘who takes precedence, you know.’”

“‘I didn’t know,’ replied Lady Annabetta, with an absent air, ‘that commoners thought so much about those things.’

“‘Oh, my lady,’ returned Mrs. Taggart, warmly, ‘there is not’ (with emphasis) ‘half the little nasty pride among the no—bility,’ (giving the august word its full importance,) ‘as among people who have no right to give themselves airs; you will always find that. Persons of real gentility are always the most humble; that is my maxim. Don’t you hold this to be true, Mr. Horn?’ turning to the clergyman, who, having been at Oxford, was supposed to know the world.

“‘Heads of colleges are always very high,’ answered simple Mr. Horn, who, in Lady Annabetta’s presence, scarcely dared say his life was his own.

“‘I imagine so,’—resumed Lady Annabetta, after a long pause; for she very often allowed the conversation to drop entirely; and after a reverie, in which one might suppose all trace of the previous discourse to have been lost, she took up the thread of the discussion just where it had been left off—

“‘I imagine so. Undergraduates ought to be kept at a distance.’

“‘I wonder who’s arrived,’ said Florence, starting up, and shaking some silken ends and threads off her knee into the fire.

“‘That’s Mrs. Simcox, I have no doubt,’ replied Mrs. Taggart, with a meaning smile. ‘Trust her for coming early. It is not every day she is invited to such a place as Grinstead Park!’

“‘My lady, Mr. Gerald De Grey!’ said a servant, stiff as buckram, who moved into the room somewhat in the measured and noiseless way in which Banquo’s ghost comes forward on the stage;—and, in a softer voice, added,—‘is arrived.’

“‘Mr. who?’ cried Lady Annabetta, springing up; ‘arrived—a—what—you are mistaken, sir.’

“‘Mr. De Grey!’ reiterated Florence, contemptuously, reseating herself, as if she would not be thought to remain standing to receive him.

“‘How unfortunate!’ said Mrs. Taggart, sympathetically. ‘Now,’ thought she

to herself, 'Mrs. Simcox will be getting hold of him, first with her Byrons, and her Moores, and her Walter Scotts! I wish Mr. Taggart was here.'

" 'How late!' observed Mr. Horn, looking at his watch,—'to intrude on a family,' he added, timorously, looking at Miss De Grey, as if to find his cue in her expressive eyes.

" Florence took no notice of him, as much as to reply, 'Whatever we may say of our relations, you had better not interpose *your* remarks.'

" 'Mr. De Grey,' resumed the servant, who stood erect in the gloom of the apartment near some pillars, 'is gone to dress, my lady; and I was ordered to tell your ladyship that he had dined;' and the figure, having spoken, vanished.

" The party were left to digest the intelligence.

" 'This is Major De Grey's doing,' began Lady Annabetta, energetically. 'He has been sent here to annoy us, whether we will or not. Florence, my dear, you know *your* part!'

" 'Oh, yes, mamma,' answered Florence, resolutely, whilst an arch smile played upon her beautiful mouth; 'he will receive no encouragement from me, mamma, be assured.'

" 'A plot—a device—a contrivance!' continued Lady Annabetta, in a tone of tragic vehemence, walking about, and rubbing her hands. 'It is just—just like him!'

" Florence was silent for a moment. 'No, mamma; no!' she said, looking up in a soothing attitude to her mother; 'don't say that!—I am sure'—and she stopped short. 'That hateful Gerald!' she broke out again.

" 'Detestable!' exclaimed Lady Annabetta. 'I suppose he is coming to look over his property! Odious man!'

" 'It is very mysterious,—very unfortunate,' interposed Mrs. Taggart, her head running upon her own concerns, and Mrs. Simcox.

" A silence of some length ensued, which was broken by Mrs. Taggart, saying, 'I thought I heard the hall bell! It is,—it must be Mrs. Simcox!' And Mrs. Simcox had indeed arrived.

" She entered, tall and stately, attired in the Siddonian style, with a cap and lapels over her head, fastened on either side after encircling the chin. The style which ladies adopt generally indicates the class of beauty to which they consider themselves the most entitled to belong. Mrs. Simcox was long and harsh, angular and bony; she had a faint pretension to an aquiline nose, and she took her line accordingly. It was the majestic, the impressive, the effective. She introduced to Lady Annabetta a young lady who generally accompanied her, and who had chosen to plant herself under the shadow of Mrs. Simcox's inspiring presence. In vulgar phrase, Miss Hutchins boarded with Mrs. Simcox. This nymph was of the lowly order, though of literary pursuits. But her pursuits, compared with those of Mrs. Simcox, were as the fluttering of a butterfly compared with the flight of a swan,—or goose. Mrs. Simcox was grand, philosophic, political, philanthropic,—took an extended range, a corrector of abuses, a builder-up of new theories. Miss Hutchins was humble and poetical, wrote children's books, sent stanzas to magazines, and lived upon the crumbs and scraps of genius which emanated from her sublimer friend, Mrs. Simcox.

" Miss Hutchins therefore crept into the room behind Mrs. Simcox, content to catch a transient glance from Lady Annabetta, and a good-natured smile from Miss De Grey; Mrs. Taggart, meantime, formally returning Mrs. Simcox's salutation. The commencement of this 'sociable evening' did not promise to be propitious. Lady Annabetta was flurried and absent; she had even forgot that the authoress of many high-sounding works sat in her presence, and she started when Mrs. Simcox apologized for having been detained so late.

" '—Correcting the press, my lady, is an occupation that will not stand still.'

" Lady Annabetta and Florence, who thought that when a book was written, and sent to the printers, it was finished, could not think what she meant, but bowed assent to the remark; Lady Annabetta remarking, after a short pause, that for her part, she never read now.—'No!' she ejaculated with a sigh, which appeared to come from the heart, though it was only a bad habit,—'no! I used to read books through, indeed, but—'

" The company waited for some time in patient expectation of the rest of the sentence, but Lady Annabetta was lost in thought.

" 'Mamma,' said Florence, 'had not Jeffries better come and make tea? Mr. Horn, do move this table for me;—and look for some prints at the bottom of the

room,' cried she, sending the little man mercilessly about. 'Mamma's quite absent,' she whispered to Mrs. Taggart; 'we must—we must make an effort to entertain Mrs. Simcox. It is all this horrible—horrible'—she raised her voice a little in the exertion of moving a portfolio—'I say, Mrs. Taggart, it's all this odious—Gerald de Grey.'

"The door had been slowly opened behind her a few minutes before. A dark figure emerged from the space between the pillars; it was Mr. De Grey."

The Life and Pilgrimage of John Christian Stahlschmidt, particularly in his Travels in all the Four Quarters of the World. Written by HIMSELF. From the German. By S. JACKSON.

This is another translation from the German by Mr. S. Jackson, whose excellent versions of Heinrich Stilling we have noticed more than once. Christian Stahlschmidt was an honest iron-founder of the town of Freudenberg, in the principality of Nassau-Siegen. He left his country at an early age, and after visiting India, and meeting with many adventures and miraculous escapes, both by sea and land, he settled at Philadelphia. Here, his only means of subsistence was making laces for the, as yet, unrevolutionized Americans. But unfortunately for him he could only make "flat laces," whereas the Philadelphians would hardly wear any but "thick round laces,"—such being the fashion. Having "ruminated upon the matter," he at length succeeded in making a machine which answered the purpose, and he spun thick round laces. But, from some cause or other (most likely a revolution in fashion) his thick round laces were almost as *flat* (commercially speaking) as his flat ones had been, and he did not find purchasers sufficient to enable him to live by his labour. This, he says, caused him "much inward and outward suffering and anxiety" for his "outward support." When his money was nearly all gone, and starvation stared him in the face, he became acquainted with many pious people, and a great "awakening" took place in Philadelphia. He says that the first impetus to this "awakening" had been given by some Methodist preachers, who had arrived a few years before from England, and who continued their labours with much success. The leader of these preachers was a Mr. Weyberg, and it luckily happened for John Christian Stahlschmidt that they were next-door neighbours, and became friends. As the lace trade grew worse and worse, John Christian tried to get employment in some merchant's warehouse, but after striving in vain for several months, he was recommended by Mr. Weyberg to try the calling of Methodist preacher, "it being easy to obtain a provision in that department." The lace-maker required time for reflection, and "laid the matter before the Lord," and after passing some time in what he calls "the passive state," he closed with Mr. Weyberg's proposal.

"I reflected," he says, "that I could find no employment anywhere, however much I strove to obtain it, and since the ministerial office was offered me, I must make the attempt, trusting to the divine aid and assistance, and accept it. At the same time I hoped, that because it was entirely contrary to my inclinations, and yet appeared to be the path of Providence with me, the Lord, during the time of preparation, would reanimate me with his grace and love, and then I expected to be able to labour for his honour and glory. But so far was this from being the case, that the severest trials and sufferings befel me in that profession; and yet everything went well in the end."

His preparation was very short: he began to study Latin, but, "because the study of that language took up too much time and was not considered indispensable," Mr. Weyberg gave up the teaching of it, and instructed him in divinity, in plain English and German, and in a few

months John Christian began to preach. Though he had adopted this profession as a sort of *pis-aller*, he seems to have been perfectly sincere in his belief. Indeed, many years before, while yet a youth, in Germany, he had had what he calls "a partial conversion," and then "a permanent conversion," and he had studied the works of Jacob Böhme, which seem to have given him (as they have done to many thousands of better educated men) a wonderful confidence in dreams and visions and direct interpositions of Providence.

We have so many books of this kind that we think Mr. Jackson's abilities as a translator might have been better employed than in adding a new one from the German; and we consider that the tendency of such works is rather to excite enthusiasm and fanaticism than sound devotion. Others will entertain a different opinion; and there are thousands in the land to whom the book will be very acceptable. It is interesting, now and then, from the *naïveté* and single-mindedness of the honest German.

Wanderings in Greece. By GEORGE COCHRANE, Esq., late of Queen's College, Cambridge; Knight of the Royal Greek Military Order of the Saviour, &c. &c.

Charles Lamb certainly must have meant *old* books of travel, when he said, in one of those immortal letters which have recently been published, "read no books of travels, (they are nothing but lies,) only now and then a romance to keep the fancy under." We say, Lamb must have had his mind's eye on the Mandevilles and Fernando Mendez Pintos, whom he had probably browsed over in that "spacious closet of good old English reading," that formed his peculiar and exquisite taste. Compared with the gorgeous descriptions and wonderful adventures of some of the "voyagers" of the olden days, the most spirited romance at the time when Lamb wrote this particular letter, (which was before the appearance of the *Waverley* novels,) was dull and unexciting. Our modern travellers, on the contrary, are sober matter-of-fact people, "good men and true," sometimes, but at all events always *true*—mistaking and misapprehending often enough, but rarely, very rarely "lying." Circumstances, indeed, and steam-boats, have been fatal to the imagination of travellers, who can no longer find a corner for its safe indulgence, so rapidly is every part of the world now visited and revisited.

But even in these truth-telling times Mr. Cochrane's volumes are remarkable for their thorough and homely veracity. We have read recently several more brilliant descriptions of Greece, but none on which we can more perfectly rely. In all matters within his range (for he does not pretend to be an archaeologist, or antiquarian topographer, or very learned in anything) he may be safely taken as a guide in those parts of Greece which he visited. The very minuteness of his details are a pledge of his accuracy. This minuteness is, however, at times, rather laughable. When, for example, he has to give some Greeks some wine, he tells us, first, that he called up the steward; secondly, that he had bought the wine at San Tropez, about twenty miles from Toulon; thirdly, that the corks of the bottles were drawn; and fourthly, that he called for glasses;—the last an unnecessary ceremony, for the Greeks drank the wine from the bottles. His account of the preparations for a short journey from Athens to Marathon,

"The mountains look on Marathon,
And Marathon looks on the sea,"

* "The Life and Letters of Charles Lamb." By Serjeant Talfourd. By far the most delicious book of the season.

drove all thoughts of Leonidas, and of the three hundred, out of our mind. After choosing horses and saddles, he says,

"Our next care, then, was to order some chickens, and two large seasoned meat pies, to be got ready, to which we added some bread, and a dozen bottles of French wine, and six bottles of brandy. These were to be prepared by Madame Cassalis, at the hotel, and to be packed in a basket. We then proceeded to Mr. Brown's warehouse, and purchased some black and green tea, with some coffee and sugar. Previous to our hiring the horses, we had informed the Rev. Mr. Hill of our determination, and he proposed that, as the Monastery of Pentelic was on the road to Marathon, he would make a pic-nic repast there with his family."

The Mr. Brown of Athens, here alluded to, is a fortunate victualler—he is gaining quite a European reputation. Mr. Claridge, in his "*Guide Book*," lauds the excellence of his English hams, and his *eau-de-vie*; and here we learn that he is provided with tea, both black and green, and coffee, and sugar besides. Some refined minds may be annoyed at the idea of eating savoury pies at such a place—Marathon; but having ourselves pic-nicked in the Temple at Sunium, and drunk brandy-punch on the sepulchral barrow of Achilles, (which dear Mrs. W——, the late consul at —— used to call "killus'es burrows,") we cannot, in conscience, be severe on that head.

On points of greater importance, Mr. Cochrane is equally particular, and there his minuteness will be more generally appreciated. His account of the state of the country, and of the labouring classes, is excellent; and as far as our experience goes, we can confirm the praise of a most competent judge—we mean General Gordon, who has known the country for very many years, and who has been one of its best friends. "It appears to me," says the general, in a letter to the author, "that you have succeeded better, than any preceding traveller, in pointing out the true state of the Greek peasantry." His remarks on colonization are judicious and practical. The author has visited the country more than once. He first went out with his relative, Lord Dundonald, then Lord Cochrane, in 1827—his last visit was prolonged to the year 1836.

We were much amused by an account of a Christmas dinner, given by Sir Edmund Lyons, our resident minister at Athens. The company on entering were greeted by a blazing fire of Newcastle coal. The following list would not interest us if it proceeded from May Fair, or Belgrave Square; but from Athens it is both curious and comforting—it shows what a footing the English have gained there, and English money and civilisation will be sure to produce a rapid effect on the manners of the upper classes of the Greeks.

"The company (in addition to the minister himself, Lady Lyons, the two pretty and accomplished daughters of the host and hostess, and Mr. Lyons, their son,) consisted of General Sir Richard Church, (commander-in-chief of the Greek army,) and Lady Church, Mr. and Mrs. Bracebridge, Mr. Waller, Mr. Griffiths, (of the embassy,) Mr. Noel, and Mr. Miller, a gentleman of large landed property in *Negropont*; Mr. Bell, a British naval officer, and a large proprietor in the environs of Athens; Miss Crockett, Mr. and Mrs. Finlay, the owners of many houses in Athens; Mr. Black, Captain Price, commanding H. B. M. frigate, *Portland*, and some of his officers; the Rev. Mr. Hill, and Mrs. Hill; the two Miss Mullinens, and Miss Baldwin; the Rev. Mr. King and Mrs. King, (who, with Mr. and Mrs. Hill just named, being Americans, I venture to range among the 'English;' at all events, in a foreign country;) the Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Leaves, an English clergyman resident at Syra, and at that time visiting Athens; Dr. Maniarchis, who, though a native of Greece, is more than half an Englishman, having been brought up at Cambridge, and speaking English like a native; and, finally, Mr. Lurriotes, who is also half an Englishman, having been formerly deputy from the Greek government to this country."

The Christmas Library, Vol. I.—Birds and Flowers, and other Country Things. By MARY HOWITT.

This beautiful little book, than which there can scarcely be a better Christmas present for the young, is written with a feeling and spirit that may delight all ages. The title fairly describes the subject matter; but, we may add, that with the exception of a very few pages of prose, it is written in verse, happily varied in measure and stanza. Here and there we find some very graceful imitations of the old poets and song-writers of the Shaksperian age. The lines on the Owl, beginning

“ Pray thee, owl, what art thou doing,
With that dolefullest tu-who-ing !
Dark the night is, dark and dreary
Never a little star shines cheery ;”

sound in our ears like the burden of some antique ditty, or those snatches of song which Shakspeare so often introduces, and with such happy effect. There is the same antique air, and a fine perception of nature, in the lines on the Carrion-Crow, in those on the Falcon, and those on the Sea-Gull, and in several others. In some of the pieces the poetess is humorous and jocose. The dialogue between the Caroline-Parrot and the Captain is a good specimen of this sort, and the description of the House-Sparrow is still better—indeed, it is truly admirable—Jack Sparrow, with his thievish propensities, his dirty habits, his brawling disposition, was never better described.

“ The bully of his tribe—to all beyond,
The jolly gipsey, beggar, knave, and vagabond !”

But if Mary Howitt deals this hard measure to Nottingham sparrows, or sparrows of other country-towns or places, what would she say of London sparrows ! of the true cockney-breed, who are seen in their monstrous perfection, (at the West end, and the suburbs, they are comparatively gentlemanly birds,) in Holborn and Fleet Street, in the avenues of Fetter Lane and Shoe Lane, and the “ boskey dells” between Saffron Hill and Mutton Hill ? Your true cockney-sparrow is the very chimney-sweeper and blackguard of birds—there is nothing like him on earth, or in air, in any other part of the world. He deserves a poem as long as the tenth of Juvenal all to himself.

To pass from small things and vile, to great and good things, we will quote the lines on the Elephant.

THE ELEPHANT.

Elephant, thou sure must be
Of the Titan progeny ;
One of that old race that sleep,
In the fossil mountains deep !
Elephant, thou must be one !
Kindred to the Mastodon :
One that didst in friendship mix
With the huge Megaloniæ ;
With the Mammoth hadst command
O’er the old-world forest-land.
Thou, those giant forms didst see,
Taller than the tallest tree ;
And with up-turned trunk didst browse,
On the bud-palm’s lowest boughs ;
And didst see, upcurl’d from light,
The ever-sleeping ammonite ;
And those dragon-worms at play
In the waters old and grey !

Tell me, creature, in what place,
 Thou, the Noah of thy race,
 Wast preserved when death was sent,
 Like a raging element,
 Like a whirlwind passing by,—
 In the twinkling of an eye,
 Leaving mother Earth forlorn
 Of her mighty eldest-born ;
 Turning all her life to stone
 With one universal groan !
 In what cavern drear and dark,
 Elephant, hadst thou thine ark ?
 Dost thou in thy memory hold
 Record of that tale untold ?
 If thou do, I pray thee tell—
 It were worth the knowing well.

Elephant, so old and vast,
 Thou a kindly nature hast ;
 Grave thou art, and strangely wise,
 With observant serious eyes,
 Somewhat in thy brain must be
 Of an old sagacity.
 Thou art solemn, wise, and good ;
 Thou liv'st not on streaming blood ;
 Thou and all thine ancient frere
 Were of natures unsevere ;
 Preying not on one another ;
 Nourished by the general mother
 Who gave forests thick and tall
 Food and shelter for you all.

Elephant, if thou hadst been
 Like the tiger fierce and keen,
 Like the lion of the brake,
 Or the deadly rattle-snake,
 Ravenous as thou art strong,
 Terror would to thee belong ;
 And before thy mates and thee,
 All the earth would desert be !
 But instead, thou yield'st thy will,
 Tractable, and peaceful still ;
 Full of good intent, and mild
 As a humble little child ;
 Serving with obedience true,
 Aiding, loving, mourning too ;
 For each noble sentiment,
 In thy good, great heart is blent !

Several of the pieces in this volume would do honour to any collection or selection of our minor poets. They have all been written, as the author informs us, "literally among birds and flowers." The wood-cuts, which embellish the volume, are spirited and graceful.

Poppo's Prolegomena on the Peculiarities of Thucydidean Phraseology. Translated, abridged, and criticized by GEORGE BURGESS, A.M. late of Trinity College, Cambridge ; who has subjoined an Appendix, Postscript, and Supplements, on the merits of the MSS., the use of the Scholia, the value of Valla's version, and the inveterate corruption of the Text.

Although our magazine has little to do with works on the dead languages, yet when classical subjects come before us in an English dress,

we are ready to receive them with all the honours due to the literature of Greece and Rome. On the present occasion, we are bound especially to take some notice of Mr. Burges's publication. For as we sat in judgment of his edition of the *Philoctetes* of Sophocles, and spoke favourably of a volume, small in size, yet exhibiting no little proofs of extensive research, and felicity of emendation, it would be a tacit confession of our want of all but school-boy learning, did we fail to notice a work of far higher pretensions, connected as it is with an author, of whose Heraclitian obscurities even a Dionysius complained, and which not a single modern scholar has satisfactorily explained. The present work, then, of Mr. Burges, will be considered as a God-send by the present and future readers of Thucydides: for he has commenced a railroad through a country hitherto deemed impassable, and lighted it with the oxy-hydrogen-gas lamp of his learning and genius united: and thus enabled the student to see his way clearly, instead of being lost, as before, in the Bæotian fog of German erudition. We shall, therefore, be particularly anxious to hail the appearance of Mr. Burges's contemplated edition of a complete Thucydides, for which he is eminently fitted by a long life devoted to Greek. By-the-bye, we discover from a note in p. 313, where Mr. Burges has supplied a Lacuna in Plato, that he is the writer of the article on Lord Brougham's "Natural Theology," which appeared in the first number of the "Church of England Quarterly Review."

The Tribute: a Collection of Miscellaneous unpublished Poems. By various Authors. Edited by LORD NORTHAMPTON.

We regret, exceedingly, that our attention was not sooner directed to this volume. The circumstances which have led to its publication are of the most interesting kind; and such, we trust, as (without our feeble co-operation) to have obtained already an extensive sale for the volume. These circumstances are explained briefly, but most touchingly, by the noble editor, whose exertions, on the occasion, are quite in keeping with his generous and benevolent character. The exertions he has made, and the deep interest he continues to take in the bereaved family of a man of genius, learning, and virtue, will surprise no one that is at all acquainted with Lord Northampton's history. In England and in Scotland, at Rome and other parts of Italy, his lordship and his late accomplished lady have, indeed,

"Done good by stealth, and blushed to find it fame;"

and their inherent love of literature has induced them, on more than one occasion, to make the most noble efforts for unfortunate literary men. Lady Northampton—longer and better known as Lady Compton, the correspondent and early and very dear friend of Sir Walter Scott—was one of the most accomplished and original-minded women of her day: her benevolence was as remarkable as her talent, and when she died, the bright sun was dimmed to many besides her own affectionate family.

"This work," says Lord Northampton, "was projected as early as spring 1836, while the late Rev. Edward Smedley was still living, and its original object was to spare him the necessity for those arduous literary labours which at that time threatened his sight or his life. His hearing he had already lost, and a disorder in his eyes was to all appearance sapping a sense still more precious. Before many weeks had elapsed, these anticipations proved too well founded, and death relieved him

from his sufferings, and deprived his family of an affectionate husband and father. For *them* the project was continued, but as it depended on the co-operation of many, and might therefore very possibly come to nothing, the editor did not think it right to inform those, for whose benefit it was intended, till it was so far advanced, that at least it was not likely to fail from a deficiency in literary contributions. When this communication was at last about to be made, the editor found that Mrs. Smedley was herself going to publish, also by subscription, a volume of poems by her late husband, with a memoir of his life. Had this been known sooner, the editor would certainly never have undertaken the present work. He rejoices, however, that he did not know it: as whatever may be the pecuniary result of this publication, he is sure it must be gratifying to the feelings of Mr. Smedley's friends to see this proof of the respect in which he was held.

"The editor regrets that his task has not fallen into the hands of some one more competent to its discharge: this feeling makes him the more anxious to express his acknowledgments to those, without whose aid his undertaking could not have been completed. To several friends he has to give especial thanks for procuring for him the contributions of others, whose acquaintance he had not the pleasure of possessing. In this respect his gratitude is more particularly due to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, who was indeed his confederate in the scheme from the first: and also Mr. Milnes, Mr. Strong, Mr. Richardson, and Mr. Bernard Barton."

Many of our readers are, no doubt, well acquainted with Mr. Smedley's writings, and still more, will have looked into the "*Encyclopædia Metropolitana*," the hard labours upon which, as editor and contributor, we fear, shortened his valuable life. As a man, he had that never dubious merit of acquiring and retaining the friendship of persons distinguished alike by intellectual acquirements and their exalted virtues. Several such friends pay their tribute in the volume before us, which, taken as a whole, is a far better collection of miscellaneous poetry than we have seen for a long time. Wordsworth, Sotheby, Sir William Hamilton, Walter Savage Landor, Thomas Moore, Horace Smith, Alfred Tennyson, Southey, Milman, Bowles, James, the author of "*Richelieu*," Lord John Russel, Spring Rice, and the noble editor, are a few of the many contributors, and each has evidently given some of his best things. Several of the pieces are from the pen of the late Lady Northampton, and others have been contributed by Miss D. M. Clephane, her ladyship's sister—for talent and feeling belong to the whole noble clan of the Maclean Clephane.

Bernard Barton has justified the title of the volume.

"*A Tribute—to the parted dead!*
Whose pilgrimage below,
By many a shadowy cloud o'erspread,
Had much of care and woe.

"*A Tribute—to the Muses' light!*
Lov'd with a poet's love;
Which made, at seasons, sorrow bright
By sunshine from above.

"*A Tribute—to that steadier ray*
Of Gospel Truth and Power,
Which cheer'd the christian pastor's way,
And sooth'd his saddest hour.

"*A Tribute—to the mourners left!*
Who, while they feel the rod,
Bow in submission, though bereft,
And put their trust in God.

"*Lastly, a Tribute—to the worth*
Of christian charity!
Whose recompense is peace on earth,
Whose record is—on high!

"Such is our volume—such it's aim ;
Reader! perform thy part ;
So shall our pages haply claim
Their tribute from thy heart!"

We trust that this appeal to all the better feelings of our nature will not be made in vain. Were it not from our inward conviction that the true beauties of poetry can never be relished by persons insensible to such appeals, we would say that the volume contains a full guinea-worth of choice verse, so that the purchaser will have *valeur contant* for his outlay.

We had marked for quotation an admirable story of Modern Rome, by Lady Northampton, who knew that country better than any English lady ever knew it, but it is rather too long for our limits. But to give a specimen of the many beautiful things before us we will copy a few of Mr. Hare Townsend's exquisite "Stanzas to Edith."

"Have ten years fled—of slow and fast,
Since in this lovely land we met?
All seems as when we parted last,
The self-same looks are glowing yet.
No shade of time or dim regret
Is o'er thy playful features cast,
As if no tear their lids had wet,
Thine eyes laugh scorn on sorrows past.

Perhaps thou think'st the same of me,
As touched by memory's murmur'd spell,
I sing the very song to thee,
Which thou wert used to love so well.
The mind how faintly looks can tell!
How ill do outward things agree
With inward! How all things rebel,
Which few can know and none can see.

I think of times when I could seek
Vain sorrow as relief from joy:
When poesy was wont to speak
The pains and pleasures of a boy—
Pains which no hour of sleep destroy—
Pleasures, heaven-tinctur'd as the streak
Which, all unstained by earth's alloy,
Greets day on Skiddaw's snowy peak.

How lovely looks that rosy light,
Seen from the shelter'd vale below!
Allur'd we seek the glittering height,
The beam is gone—but not the snow?
There Life's untrodden summits glow,
Thus Hope's first dawning rays invite:
We travel on—and find 'twas woe,
Which distance only made so bright.

Oh Edith, pleasant hours were they,
When first these mountain-vales I sought;
I seemed to sweep the world away,
So hateful to my earliest thought.
And in its stead was Nature brought
Before me in her best array;—
Hearts that could feel, and looks untaught,
To mask the feelings' native play.

For one glad moment I disown
Time's empire, and those days descry,—
The next, I feel ten years are gone,
Mark'd by the heart, if not the eye.

Though all around should wake no sigh,
 Ev'n though experience had not thrown
 The broken toys of childhood by—
 Yet death would prove ten years are flown.

A Home Tour through various parts of the United Kingdom. Being a Continuation of the "Home Tour through the Manufacturing Districts." Also Memoirs of an Assistant Commissary-General. By SIR GEORGE HEAD, Author of "Forest Scenes and Incidents in the Wilds of North America."

Our home tourist has the art of making the most homely scenes and the most homely people as interesting as a romance, and that too without departing a line's breadth from truth and nature. We think we have discovered the art that enables him to do this, and which, by the way, is no art at all. It lies in his deep and quick sympathy with all mankind—his tender feeling for the brute creation—for all living creatures. Hence he enters heart and soul into the subjects he describes, and invariably invests them with the sunny glow of his own kindly nature. When a writer is in earnest he is almost sure to do well—when unaffected himself, or only touched skin deep, the most that we can expect is a maudlin sentimentality with a few vague generalities.

In the present volume Sir George Head gives an account of the Isle of Man, of a steam voyage from the little town of Ramsey, in that island, to Glasgow—of a trip from Glasgow to Tobermory, Staffa, Iona, and Mull—of a visit to Guernsey—and of a journey in Ireland, from Athlone to Galway. The last hundred and fifty pages contain his adventures in early life as an officer in the commissariat department, and are about as pleasant pages as we ever read withal. In parts they are delicious. This short and rapid sketch of his own career conveys an excellent notion of the important and arduous duties of commissary officers attached to an army in the field—duties that are too generally overlooked in an exclusive admiration of the actual combatants.

Our author joined the army of the Duke of Wellington at Badajoz in the summer of 1809, and was at first employed in the somewhat humble capacity of commissariat clerk, at a stipend of 7s. 6d. a day—but he was young, poor, and enterprising, and the "world's wide chart" was spread before him. His first entrance upon duty is described in a manner alike creditable to his good sense and his good feeling, and the following passage contains other little things that may amuse the reader.

"It happened about this time, not long after the battle of Talavera, when the British army broke from cantonments around Badajoz and commenced their march towards the valley of the Mondego, that a young officer in the department, recently invested with a commission, was put in charge of a portion of the troops then about to depart by the way of Abrantes, across the Tagus, to Coimbra. On this occasion I was attached to him as clerk, thereby commencing a service wherein I was treated invariably, during the whole period I remained under his orders, with the utmost kindness and consideration; and I thus formed acquaintance with the individual before adverted to as a member of one of the principal families in the island of Guernsey, in another part of this volume.

"Twenty-seven years have now rolled over the head of this, my former master, since the day on which, distinguished by a blue uniform coat with cuffs and collar of black velvet, unbuttoned in easy costume, and pantaloons decorated with a stripe of reddish brown Spanish leather, cut in zigzag Vandyke pattern, and extending the whole length of the outer seam, proudly spurred at the heels, a white streaming feather in his cocked hat, massive gold epaulettes on his shoulders; mounted on a long-tailed Spanish charger, and accompanied by his clerk aforesaid on a small mule, both together on a sunshiny morning rode out of the town of Badajoz.

"The above description of dress, the fashion of the sword, generally of a cavalry pattern, being quite *ad libitum*, is such as the King's regulations more or less modified according to the fancy of the wearer, prescribed at this period to a field commissary with the British army. I do not mean to infer an overstrained interpretation of the limit established by universal custom, on the part of the present individual, though, as is well known, a latitude in dress has heretofore been exclusively made a subject of censure on officers of the commissariat department. Nevertheless, without reason or justice, for a variegated costume prevailed, not only in their case, but generally in every corps and grade in the army; even from the Duke of Wellington, equipped in a white cloak and white cravat, to the lowest subaltern downwards. As regards the commissariat, the duke probably was unwilling, when the supplies of the army were at stake, to deprive them in their dealings with the local authorities of the advantage of a style of dress, which, such as it was, being permitted through the whole campaign, may unquestionably be said to have received his grace's sanction."

Soon after this, Mr. Head's work began; and he tells us, that hitherto he had been wholly unacquainted with business and rather insufficiently grounded in arithmetic and the art of keeping accounts of any kind.

"At the town of Coimbra, pleasantly situated in the vicinity of the sea-port of Figueiras and on the banks of the Mondego, was established a considerable depôt of stores and provisions for the army; and here a regular routine of office duty, such as it was, now for the first time devolved upon me. Simple as were these my avocations, I was subjected to confinement in the office the whole of the day, drawing checks for returns of provisions and forage on the storekeeper in charge of the stores, upon documents, whereon it was my duty to see that the specified number of officers, rank and file, were correctly vouched by the commanding officer of the regiment or detachment; that the quantities of provisions drawn were correctly estimated, and that the receipt was signed by the person duly authorized. These vouchers, in those days furnished in triplicate, were then entered in an abstract such as I have before described, for the purpose of being afterwards incorporated in a general account.

"After a few days' practice, although nothing new remained to be learnt, yet from previous want of usage on my own part, and the multiplicity of applicants for rations on the other, I had enough to do to keep down the press of business each day; however, I became by degrees reconciled to a duty which, while the troops remained in cantonments, yielded little enough of variety.

"At the close of each day, that is to say, so soon as the brunt of work had passed away, my new master, whom I am happy now to call my old friend, and myself, dined regularly together as comfortably as circumstances would permit; welcoming contentedly a meal, whereat youth and health supplied the want of luxurious viands. Week after week, every day, almost without an exception, I verily believe, we attacked the same identical dish during the whole winter; that is to say, a large piece of plain boiled ration beef, with such vegetables as could be procured. Deficiencies were afterwards amply supplied by a profusion of oranges fresh from the tree, here at all times to be purchased twenty for a *vintaine*, or a little more than a penny; and frequently hanging in unplucked clusters on their native fragrant dark green bough. We usually restricted our dessert to a *vintaine's* worth, that is, a score; but since in this native fruit the white substance immediately under the yellow rind, which, in English imported oranges is tough and leathery, actually melted in the mouth, in appearance resembling the watery covering of an ice-plant, we were not unfrequently induced to send again to the market-place, and complete our complement to scores apiece. One sorrowful exception I remember making to this code of frugality, in the instance of an experiment, by way of variety, upon a ragoût of lampreys, which pottage, prepared by a professed Portuguese cook, made me so very ill, that I was the more happy, after such an abomination of grease and garlic, to return to humble fare."

In the month of April, 1810, our author was promoted, and sent with Colonel Robe's nine-pounder brigade to the frontier of Beira.

"Although imperfectly inured to my present sedentary occupation, for since leaving school, I had seldom ever happened to sit still for half an hour at a time in the middle of the day, I had not altogether unprofitably submitted to irksome confine-

ment. Some detachments were continually passing through to the army, others remained quartered in the town, comprising together portions of the troops in various and manifold branches, whose provision returns all passing through my hands, I gained thereby a general insight into the routine of duty. Nevertheless, as a captive from a dungeon, I hailed the beneficence of fortune, that now once more restored me to former habits and robust exercise.

"It was I think exactly on the 28th of April, when performing my first act as a public accountant, I passed a receipt for four bullocks delivered to me for the use of the brigade under my charge, and gave credit in my accounts for a specified weight of meat in the usual manner. The brigade of men and horses now supplied by me with rations of provisions and forage furnished returns for the same, once in three days; bread, wine, and forage, I procured from the inhabitants, giving receipts, payable at head-quarters, for the quantities, and I rendered my accounts at the end of each month, according to the forms I had already seen, including that of the formidable abstract before-mentioned, now fortunately reduced to a more practicable scale, a serjeant of the brigade being moreover appointed my store-keeper, on whom I drew checks, as I had been used to do before at Coimbra. The prospect of a stirring life now appeared again to rise before me, I felt myself becoming a free agent daily more and more, a Spanish capataz reported to me his arrival from the commissary-general, with instructions to place himself and forty-two stout mules under my orders; and finally, in this as it were the opening dawn of prosperity, as when consolately steering through a fog, new objects suddenly appear and others brighten till the sun at last breaks forth in full splendour, such I may really say was my gladness of heart when, after the above-related humble acquisitions of independence, the officers of the artillery brigade to which I was appointed invited me an honorary member to their mess. A follower of their fortunes, I lived happily with these kind companions during the eventful proceedings of the next twelve months, including the advance of the brigade to the battle of Busacos, the retreat of the allied army to the lines at Torres Vedras, and the subsequent advance of the troops in pursuit of Marshal Massena, till the battle of Fuentes d'Onor. My occupations, it is true, were altogether distinct from theirs during the whole of the day; but after the morning's fatigue was over, whether in a well-roofed or a roofless house, a tent, or bivouacked in the open air, I felt myself once more restored to the consolations of society, and animated by the consciousness of possessing a home."

In the following year, after the battle of Fuentes D'Onor, which he witnessed, and which he describes with great spirit, he was ordered to take charge of a depôt at Celorico, where his business still increased, and where his privations and annoyances were not trifling.

"The commissariat duties of this post, owing to its advanced position towards the army, whereof it was the entrepot of all manner of stores, provisions, and forage on the route from the several points of Coimbra, Raiva, and St. João da Pesqueira; being a central point for the organization of ox-cart transport collected from the adjacent country; a thoroughfare for numerous detachments incessantly moving to and from the army; and, lastly, containing an extensive hospital establishment for the sick and wounded; were at the time in question, heavy and multifarious. The fluctuation in the number of the troops quartered in the town and vicinity, for whom it was indispensable to provide daily rations, was irregular and excessive; transport, moreover, was required to convey the said rations to the out-quarters in the neighbourhood; and the continual throng of people, applicants on various other branches of service on the one hand, and unavoidable difficulty and official delay on the other, created a press of business so grievous, that my office was literally besieged, all day, every day, and for days together, like a poll-booth at a contested election. In the street opposite my house a crowd of voracious people were for ever in attendance, whose numbers, continually refreshed by new comers, increased always quite as fast, and sometimes a great deal faster than I could dispatch the old ones, notwithstanding that during the summer I usually began work at five o'clock in the morning, and allowing for the interval of dinner and a ride of a couple of miles afterwards out of the town, extended office hours till ten at night.

"My own room was open to the public, that is to say, the door was never shut; and since the office of the clerks for issuing rations was immediately contiguous, a buzz of tongues and stamping of feet continually resounded in the passage. My own occupation was that of managing the wholesale receipts and issues of provisions, forage,

and stores, sent by brigades of mules and bullock-carts from the rear, and consigning supplies to the field commissaries with the army. Daily returns, showing the existing state of the *dépôt*, were regularly dispatched to head-quarters, whereby the number of mules sent from the divisions, brigades, or cavalry regiments, to Celorico, was chiefly regulated, but nevertheless the transport was frequently detained two three, or more days, waiting the arrival of consignments from the rear. Commissariat officers, when within a reasonable distance from the *dépôt*, would frequently ride thither to look after their loitering mules, and vie with each other in obtaining a share of the supplies, which I was nevertheless compelled to equalize according to the numbers dependent on the station. A commissary arriving from the army was invariably constrained to force a passage towards my office through the crowd of capatazes and muleteers by whom it was continually surrounded, and then screw his way with equal difficulty towards a point in the centre, where I sat all day enconced by a breastwork of tables. I had, in fact, arranged a regular line of defence fronting the door, and as far removed as practicable; but it may be necessary to give a little account of the house as well as my citadel of duty.

"The town of Celorico was at this time deserted by almost all the inhabitants, except those who either had few household effects to lose, or who derived profit one way or other by their intercourse with the army; consequently the quarters allotted to me as a private dwelling and offices, consisted of a large rambling house, the name of whose owner, if ever I heard it, I have totally forgotten. However, it had suffered grievous dilapidations during the previous occupancy of the enemy. The less my compunction, from its desolated appearance, in resorting to an expedient consistent with the general state of repair, and whereof I have availed myself on other occasions and in other places, on service, to obtain the luxury of a fire; for although Celorico, not far removed from the lofty ridge of mountains, the *Sierra d' Estrella*, covered with snow all the year round, is frequently visited in the winter by sharp frost, yet not any of the sitting-rooms in the houses are provided with grates or chimneys. The mode I now took to remedy the defect, may serve to give some idea of the condition of the dwelling to which it was applied. Simple, both in design and execution; it was merely as follows. In a corner of my parlour or dining-room I nailed a small wooden batten on the floor, inclosing between the two walls a triangular space, whereupon I spread a compost of mud, lighted a fire, and knocked a hole in the ceiling above to let the smoke out through the upper windows.

"On taking possession of the aforesaid office, which was a room on the ground-floor, it was not only applied to purposes of business, but, being provided with a small adjoining recess, served on my arrival at the station for a dormitory, and there, in fact, I might have continued to sleep, if not at last fairly driven away by the rats. A flour store immediately contiguous to the chamber, not only caused them to congregate in extraordinary numbers, but they became so bold that I have literally, on their making their appearance while I sat writing among a crowd of people in the middle of the day, not unfrequently requested persons to stand aside, and with a horse-pistol, previously loaded for the purpose, killed two or three at a shot. The nuisance created by the vermin at night was really dreadful; like dogs they galloped round the room squeaking and fighting one with another, and not contented with running over me as I lay in bed, at last absolutely used my person as a convenient landing-place to drop upon from the ceiling to the floor. The latter liberty being quite unbearable and startling me to boot; and since mortal patience could sustain it no longer, I resolved to have recourse to poison, and laid baits accordingly in different parts of the room for several succeeding nights, which being tasted and approved, I afterwards mixed with arsenic. It were quite impossible to describe the wheezing, spitting, sniffing, and coughing, that succeeded the deadly repast; indeed, I for some time lay awake listening, really astonished to believe such sounds could possibly proceed from animals so small; to say nothing of certain other noises, the effect of indisposition, whereto, from their extreme peculiarity, I will only cursorily allude; suffice it to say, that their internal organs were affected in every possible way. Notwithstanding the success of the enterprise, whereby at any rate near a score the next morning were picked up dead in the room, and many wandering comatose, and paralytic, accordingly destroyed, the enemy, notwithstanding their loss, repaired their ranks by fresh reinforcements, and in ten days' time were as audacious as ever; collecting in small droves behind trunks and boxes against the wainscot of the room, and bolting across from one ambuscade to another on their

way to their holes,—during which latter movements I took occasion to kill them with a pistol, as I said before.

"As regards business, my dwelling, at all events, was in a central situation,—for the slaughtering place of the cattle, consisting of a large open space, whereon from twelve to twenty head for the use of the *depôt* were killed every morning, was under my office windows; the butchers' store too was in a contiguous outhouse, part of the same building. The cattle are pithed by the butchers, as is well known in Portugal. For my part I abstained as far as practicable from sanctioning the practice, preferring, from mere motives of humanity, the English way; in fact, the rolling and quivering of the eye-balls, the tremulous spasms of the rigidly stiffened limbs, and altogether the horrid contortions produced, through the agency of the nerves, on the prostrate beast by pithing, are really dreadful to behold. Without dwelling longer on a disagreeable subject than is absolutely necessary, let the uninformed reader, in order to understand the operation, placing his finger on his pole or node of the neck, as it is sometimes called, in that small cavity just under the protuberant part of the skull, imagine his chin violently thrust downwards in contact with his breast, and then a dagger driven into the aforesaid cavity to the centre of the forehead, pointblank through his brains."

At Celorico he had a curious companion. The following passage shows that attentive observance to the ways and habits of animals, which so frequently lends a charm to his little sketches.

"While thus I laboured, day after day, at the receipt of custom, one personage attended upon the household, invariably one of the crowd never by any accident out of the way, I have omitted to mention—a tame, full-grown, female wolf, so perfectly domesticated and well known as to be little feared, chained at the door, in such a position that no individual, whether great or small, could enter the office and approach the table where I sat without absolutely stepping over her back. I procured the animal, a whelp a few days old, from a peasant then about to destroy it with the rest of the litter, at Alto da Chão; and having at the same time attached to my baggage a puppy of a large breed, somewhat older, both animals became on the most friendly terms, and grew up together; wherefore, I am enabled literally to assert, that I have ridden through the streets of a town with a wolf at the heels of my horse. Such was literally the case on more than one occasion; nay, more, the dog—a tall, stump-tailed, black and tan animal, half-terrier half-mastiff—and wolf accompanied me both together two miles from and back again to Celorico, whether it be that the wolf was allured by the society of the dog, or that the act as regards the former be construed into following me.

"The habits of a domesticated wolf bear close affinity to those of the dog; unlike the cowardly cringing fox, prone to hide itself in holes, the wolf displays bold sportive tricks, gallant bearing, and noble demeanour. But the wolf is the savage, the fox the knave, the dog the gentleman; like a man whose interest is thoroughly excited, so the wolf, his appetite once roused, acts according to his nature. This animal, when loose, galloping playfully round in circles, leaping, bounding, and flourishing her tail like a hound, or Newfoundland dog, testifying moreover recognition of her master, laying her paws on my shoulder, and even licking my face; yet the moment a leg of mutton appeared on the table, neither friend nor foe dared interfere or prevent her from immediately making the prize her own."

So many generations have passed since the fair fields of England were trodden by hostile armies, that it is proper and expedient to recal now and then the real horrors of war, and to depict the state of a country labouring under them.

"The organization of the native ox-cart transport, whereby a number usually amounting to a couple of hundred vehicles, or thereabouts, were sustained effective at the station by dint of continually stimulating the local authorities, through the aid and vigilance of the chiefs of brigades or conductors, formed at this time an important branch of my duty. The time of one Portuguese clerk was entirely taken up in writing letters to the several magistrates, or their deputies. I held at this time between fifty and sixty in continual correspondence, whom it was necessary to urge incessantly to furnish the quota allotted to their several *comarcas*. These magistrates or persons in authority usually dispatched from their homes the owners with their ox-carts three or four together; and on their arrival at the station, the

latter being told off till the numbers amounted from a dozen to twenty, were brigaded and placed in charge of a chief called the conductor, who accompanied them laden with biscuit and forage to the army. Returning after their allotted service they were paid in hard dollars, permitted to return to their homes, and their places filled up by fresh arrivals, until, according to regular routine, it became their unhappy lot to be again drafted for duty, and compelled by the presiding magistrate to leave their unprotected dwellings on a similar journey.

"During the whole period of my peninsular service, I never experienced a more painful effort of duty than in this intercourse with the poorer inhabitants, to turn a deaf ear to misery and supplications urged in behalf of their cattle with heart-rending simplicity. But the necessities of the army were imperative, and the sinews of this unfortunate country strained till near snapping asunder. How the poor people preserved their cattle alive in those hard times, and on those journeys, considering that with animals previously weakened and exhausted they were sometimes absent for a week or ten days together, taking with them as fodder merely a few bundles of Indian corn straw, and this for sustenance along a tract, long since as barren as the deserts of Arabia, now that the days are past, and I reflect at leisure, I literally do not know. 'Nao podem, senhor, nao podem,' 'They are not able, sir, they are not able,' they would, alas, too frequently exclaim. 'Coitadinhas estao vaccinhas, senhor,' 'Poor little creatures, sir, they are small cows;' and thus they would piteously entreat till the tears ran down their sunburnt cheeks.

"It is the province alone of an eye-witness to describe a country once unfortunately the seat of war; awful realities that afford no comparison whatever with ordinary grievances; when over a desolated territory the local government becomes inert and paralyzed, when the noble and the wealthy fly from their domain, and when forward adventurers, possessed of temporary sway, usurp and arm themselves with legitimate power, and among all these evils the accumulated weight of suffering falls on the indigent, the poor, patient, industrious husbandman, who remains at his home not having whither else to flee, and whose yoke of oxen are inevitably pressed, because, being his all, they are with himself to be found. Every country, no matter where, is a paradise, compared to the soil where thus, like young wheat under the feet of vigorous wrestlers, the weak and lowly, by the struggles of contending armies, are crushed and rooted from the land."

During our author's stay in the shambles at Celorico, a virulent fever broke out in the town—and soon after, the sudden advance of Marshal Marmont obliged the English to destroy all their stores, and retreat.

In May, 1813, when the Duke of Wellington was enabled to commence his grand advance through Spain, our author was attached as assistant commissary general to the third division under the command of Sir Thomas Picton, and he continued on this duty till the army advanced in triumph to Toulouse, and peace was proclaimed. Of the brave, but fierce and ill-tempered Picton, he gives several very characteristic anecdotes, not forgetting to deal a quietus to a Mr. Robinson, who some two years ago perpetrated an absurd life of that general. The castigation was scarcely needed, for the book, after exciting the laughter of everybody that knew anything of Picton and the Peninsular war, or of military matters generally, went to the tomb of all the Capulets almost as soon as born. We have chosen our extracts chiefly with a view of showing some of the arduous duties of the commissariat department, and we trust such extracts will afford both amusement and instruction, and also convey a favourable notion of the Memoir, which, however, contains matters of a much more exciting and popular nature. We have read the whole of this volume—the Tour as well as the Memoir, with unmingled pleasure, always excepting an occasional annoyance at some dreadfully long, and most awkwardly involved periods. The book will be sure to reach a second edition, and before submitting it again to press we would recommend a careful revision. The knotty sentences we allude to *sautent aux yeux*.

Rise and Progress of the British Power in India. By PETER AUBER, M. A., A. S., late Secretary to the Hon. the Court of Directors of the East India Company.

This important work—a desideratum in our literature—could scarcely have fallen into better hands. Mr. Auber's life has been passed in contemplating the affairs of the vast Indian Peninsula in all their bearings, his official situation gave him easy access to documents, as to almost every other source of information, and his mind seems to be distinguished by excellent powers of analysis and condensation. His style indeed, is rather dry and common-place, but we willingly resign the charms of rhetoric for the sake of authenticity in the facts; and the subject is so great and interesting, that it must captivate the attention, in whatever style it be written. There is not such a subject in the world, nor has there ever been, nor, in all probability, will there ever again be, such an empire, so founded, or such an association as that of the Merchant Kings—the joint-stock Emperors of Leadenhall Street.

The first volume of this work (the second, though published, we have not yet seen) refers to the early period of Indian history and of the Company's establishment. It comprises the administration of Lord Clive, with the intermediate governments in Bengal, and at Madras and Bombay, and closes with that of Mr. Hastings, an able and, in the main, an excellent governor, who fell a victim at home to party spirit and to the eloquence of Burke and Sheridan. But though Mr. Hastings was condemned without mercy, his system was countenanced, and his plans were worked out, in India; and the effect has been, a power more widely extended in that country than any that preceded it, whether native or European. As we are firmly convinced that the happiness of the native population has advanced in proportion to this increase of British rule, we contemplate the subject with unalloyed exultation.

Mr. Hastings survived the clamour raised against him, and was received with singular marks of respect in that very house where he had been exhibited as a monster.

“After the lapse of thirty years from the period of Mr. Hastings's return to his native country, and eighteen from the termination of his impeachment, he appeared before the House of Commons to give evidence on the renewal of the Company's charter, in 1813. It was a gratifying sight to witness the respect manifested by the Commons of England towards that venerable public servant, by the members rising simultaneously on his retiring from the bar at the close of his examination.”

Though Sheridan fairly surpassed Burke in the eloquence and pathos of his speeches on the Begum question, we believe that he cared not two straws for the “sweet princesses” of India—we believe that he was acting the whole time, and that he felt he was acting. Burke was more sincere, and seems really to have believed in the crimes of tyranny, cruelty, and treachery, charged against Hastings, whom he never ceased to regard with perfect abhorrence. Even at the close of his life, when suffering under the severest domestic affliction in the loss of his son, he still retained this strong feeling, and the idea that Mr. Hastings was to be rewarded with a peerage seems literally to have haunted his imagination.

Mr. Hastings, on the other hand, appears to have had an equally strong conviction of his own innocence, and in a letter, (published by Mr. Auber,) which he wrote only a few hours before his death to a bosom friend, a member of the Court of Directors, any feeling is apparent rather than that of remorse or self-reproach for his actions in the East.

Mr. Auber vindicates the character of the first and great Lord Clive, but that office, as he remarks himself, had already been performed by the

late Sir John Malcolm, whose life of Clive is an excellent specimen of that kind of biography.

To all those who wish to have a clear and comprehensive account of the rise and progress of our power in India—an account founded on official documents, and scrupulously exact, we can recommend Mr. Auber's work.

Gems of Beauty; designed by E. T. PARRIS, ESQ. *With Fanciful Illustrations in Verse*, by the COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON.

This beautiful Annual, which seems almost too delicate to be touched by masculine fingers, is, on the whole, an improvement on the choice volume published last year. The twelve good-sized and highly-finished engravings are all after designs by Parris. Their subjects are the passions of "Affection," "Anger," "Pity," "Jealousy," "Hope," "Despair," "Cheerfulness," "Remorse," "Joy," "Envy," "Fear," and "Love." Some of the affections of the mind—Cheerfulness, for example—ought scarcely to be classed among the passions. Those who know anything of this artist will not expect to find the frightful contortions of Le Bruns. Mr. Parris succeeds best in delineating the more gentle and amiable passions of young and beautiful women—but even the fiercer passions are by him embodied in courtly ladies, that despair in black velvet, and feel remorse in silks and diamonds. With only one or two exceptions, all his passions are in full dress. Fear, as a plebeian emotion, we suppose, is represented by a poor sailor's wife, who, with her children, is in a very critical situation—in a ship that seems to be foundering. Each plate is flanked by a fly-leaf of poetry, by Lady Blessington—and very graceful and charming verses they are.

Portraits of the Children of the Nobility; a Series of highly-finished Engravings, executed under the Superintendence of MR. CHARLES HEATH; from Drawings by ALFRED E. CHALON, ESQ., A.R.A. and other eminent Artists; with Illustrations in Verse, by distinguished contributors. Edited by MRS. FAIRLIE. First Series.

This choice book is, if possible, more exquisitely delicate than the one we have just mentioned, and certainly the subjects—the dear little realities that are living amongst us, and that, at no distant day, will be the prime and pride of our nobility—the best favoured aristocracy upon earth—are infinitely more interesting than the fanciful delineations of the passions. There are ten engravings; but as the "blessings" are mostly grouped in twos and threes, we have about twenty graceful forms and pretty smiling faces, done up in rose and in gold. It is difficult to select, where all are charming; but, as we cannot praise them all without ringing a tiresome change upon words, we will just mention that the groups of the Duke of Beaufort's little daughters, (there are two, the first containing three, the second two figures,) and the daughters of Lord Lyndhurst, are the very perfection of juvenile portraiture. In the Buccleuch group we are struck with the decidedly Scottish cast of countenance. The little fellow on the right of the picture, Lord Henry John we presume, has a canny look, with a mixture of drollery and acuteness, such as his great clansman, Walter Scott, may have had when at his age.

Among the single figures there is none more beautiful or English-looking than Augusta Georgiana Frederica Fitzclarence. The youngest daughter of the Earl of Carlisle has a most queenly mien, and—but we forget—in our admiration we were going on to speak of them all.

As in the *Gems of Beauty*, each plate is accompanied by a little poetry, the verses coming from the pens of the Lady Emmeline Stuart Wortley, Captain Marryat, the Countess of Blessington, L. E. L., H. Lytton Bulwer, James Smith, D'Israeli, and the fair editor, Mrs. Fairlie, who, we need scarcely mention, is a daughter of Lady Canterbury, and niece to Lady Blessington. The work, we presume, is to be continued as an annual.

"Pass but a few short years, and then,"

the collection will be curious to look back upon; the little dimpling girls will be matrons—the happy little boys generals, or admirals, or members of those great houses where,—in the saying of Clarendon, 'thunder and lightning are made.' And the changes of dress and ashion! and the changes and transmutation in one's own dear self!

Moxon's Edition of the Poetical Works of Thomas Campbell.

We rejoice to see the editions of the works of the "Bard of Hope" thus multiplied in various forms, and at various prices. We recently noticed a remarkable cheap impression which issued from an Edinburgh press; and it is now our pleasing duty to call the attention of the wealthier portion of book-buyers to a splendid London edition, richly illustrated and bedecked with all the advantages of the finest paper and print. No living poet is more deserving of such honours. This book is a proper pendant to the last editions of the "Bard of Memory," which indeed it closely resembles in externals. The illustrations, with the exception of a bust of the author by Bailly, are all by the great and imaginative Turner, and they are exquisitely engraved. Great must be the expense of getting up this book; but great, we doubt not, will be its success. No owner of a choice library can possibly do without it.

Visit to the Great Oasis in the Libyan Desert. By G. A. HOSKINS, Esq. Author of "Travels in Ethiopia."

The monuments of the Great Oasis are less magnificent and imposing than the temples of Thebes, or the other ancient edifices on the banks of the Nile; but they are peculiar from their situation, in the midst of immense deserts, extremely picturesque in their present appearance, interesting from the extraordinary metaphysical sculptures, and Greek inscriptions found upon some of them, and (what is no trifle) they have been much more rarely visited and described. Mr. Hoskins has visited them with all the enthusiasm of an artist and antiquary, and a very agreeable and instructive volume has been the result. Our traveller was somewhat disappointed in the scenic beauty of the Oasis, and thinks that it must have sadly diminished, if it ever merited the praise which Herodotus bestowed in calling it "the Island of the Blessed;" but our traveller had just come from the pleasant banks of the Nile, and had only been five days in the desert: had he come from Darfour, or had he been twenty or thirty days in the deserts, he might perhaps have had as lively a sense of the beauty of the Oasis as Herodotus had. Mr. Hoskins, however, was surprised and delighted to find such magnificent vestiges of a remote antiquity—such splendid monuments of art, in a spot isolated from the rest of the world by an ocean of sand: and splendid indeed are the Temple of Darius, the Street of the Tombs, the Temples

of Doosh, and the Temple of Jupiter Ammon, to judge from his apparently most correct drawings. These drawings, which are twenty in number, have been copied in lithography by Mr. A. Picken, a young artist, who excels in this branch, and who deserves encouragement on account both of his own merits, and those of his father, the late Andrew Picken, author of the "*Dominie's Legacy*," and other very original works, who was cut off in the prime of life, leaving a young family behind him. As Mr. A. Picken executes them, (in a fine sketchy, free manner,) we think that these lithographic drawings are peculiarly well suited to illustrate books of travels, and other works, where a number of delineations are required, and the elaborate finish of steel engraving is not sought for.

The Book of the Cartoons.

This is a beautiful book: it contains seven spirited and correct engravings, by Warren, after the cartoons of the immortal Raffaele Sanzio, together with seven excellent discourses (on the subjects of the miracles represented) by the Rev. R. Cattermole. There is also a brief introductory chapter treating of the life of the painter, and of the very curious history of the Cartoons. These latter were originally twenty-five in number. Charles I., at the suggestion of Rubens, secured seven of them, and had them brought to this country, where they have ever since remained, and where, (be it said *en passant*) they have had more than one narrow escape from the bad taste of some of our rulers. The fate of the other eighteen of the Cartoons is involved in some uncertainty; they have, however, *certainly* been scattered about the world, and *most probably* destroyed. As something tending to elevate the taste of our country, we cordially recommend this book, and hope that it will find its way into every corner of the land.

Summary of Works that we have received, of which we have no space to make a lengthened notice.

The Punishment of Death, a Selection of Articles from the Morning Herald, with Notes.—Here is a mass of evidence going to prove the barbarity and brutalizing effect of the "*Draconian severity*" of the old penal laws, and many good arguments for the total abolition of the punishment of death in all cases.

The British Colonial Library. By MONTGOMERY MARTIN, F.R.S.—We have noticed this work so often, that we only allude to it now in order to state that the issue in monthly volumes is completed, and that the neat appearance and elegant getting up of the whole, is highly creditable to the publishers' taste.

Stirring Stanzas on Her Most Gracious Majesty's Invitation to the City. By DANIEL DUMPS, Esq. Deputy of Dowgate.—A wretched attempt at being funny. Daniel Dumps may be as vulgar as he pleases—he has even our permission to put cant and slang into the mouths of *some* of the aldermen and common-council, but we cannot tolerate his doing the same thing with our queen, or his making her say "*flare up*" to her ministers.

Colloquies on Religion and Religious Education; being a Supplement to Hampden in the Nineteenth Century.—Our friend John Morgan is a person of the very best intentions; but his notions on certain delicate points run so counter to *established* notions as to limit the sphere of his real usefulness. There are passages of great earnestness and real eloquence in these colloquies.

Edinburgh Portraits, by JOHN KAY; with Biographical Sketches. Publishing in Monthly Parts.—Honest John Kay was originally a barber, and next a self-taught artist of Edinburgh. For fifty years he sketched (with only the slightest tinge of caricature) all the extraordinary personages that figured in the northern Athens—poets, painters, players, judges, advocates, idiots, giants, drunken Highland lairds—nothing came amiss to him, and not a single “lion” of any kind did he omit. His personages, altogether, amount to four hundred, and we quite agree with Mr. Chambers, “that no city of the empire can boast of so curious a chronicle.” He ceased his labours about the year 1817.

Parliamentary Companion for 1838.—This little diamond volume, published by Messrs. Whittaker, is very compact and useful—decidedly one of the best of its kind. We have detected a few errors in it, but none of any consequence.

LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

- The London Dispensatory. By A. T. Thomson, M.D., F.L.S., G.S. New edition, 8vo. 21s.
- The Evidences of Prophecy. By Alexander Keith, D.D. Sixteenth edition, 7s.
- A Treatise on Conic Sections. By J. Hymers, M.A. 8vo. 6s. 6d.
- A Dissertation on the Causes and Effects of Disease. By H. C. Barlow, M.D. 8vo. 3s.
- A Lecture on Education. By W. B. Hodgson. 12mo. 4d.
- A List of Electors for the Western Division of Surrey, with a Statement of the Poll, 8vo. 3s.
- A Treatise on the Elements of Algebra. By J. Bryce, jun., M.A., F.G.S. 12mo. 4s. 6d.
- Institutes of Surgery. By Sir Charles Bell. Vol. I., 12mo. 7s.
- Parliamentary Pocket Companion, 1838. 32mo. 4s. 6d.
- Gems from British Poets (Sacred). 32mo. 2s.
- Ditto, ditto, Chaucer to Goldsmith. 32mo. 2s.
- The Doctrine of Election. By T. Erskine. 12mo. 6s. 6d.
- Sermons on the Apostles' Creed. By Rev. G. A. Poole. 8vo. 10s. 6d.
- Changes produced in the Nervous System by Civilisation. By R. Verity, M.D. 4s.
- G. F. Morgan's First Principles of Surgery. Part II. 8vo. 5s.
- The Hand-Book of Natural Philosophy. By W. M. Higgins. 18mo. 1s. 9d.
- Bechstein's Natural History of Cage Birds. New edition, 12mo. 7s.
- Welsh's Treatise on Ringworm. 8vo. 5s. 6d.
- Mechanics of Fluids for Practical Men. By A. Jamieson, LL.D. 8vo. 15s.
- The Himalaya Landscape Album, morocco, 2l. 2s.
- The Elements of Algebra. By Hind. Third Edition, 8vo. 12s. 6d.
- The Napoleon Medals; 564 Medals. By A. Collas. Folio, 3l. 13s. 6d.; proofs, 5l. 15s. 6d.
- Thoughts on Religion, a Poem. 8vo. 5s. cloth.
- Walsingham, the Gamester. By Captain Chamier. 3 vols. post 8vo. 1l. 11s. 6d.
- Sermons for Children. By Mrs. Markham. Fcap. 3s. hf.-bd.
- Abridged History of Treaties of Peace. By Capt. Furneaux. 8vo. 12s.
- First Book of Algebra. 18mo. 1s. 6d.
- Luther and his Times. By the Rev. J. E. Riddle. Fcap. 5s.
- Companion to Euclid, being a help to first Four Books. Fscap. 4s.
- The Juvenile Budget. By Mrs. S. C. Hall. Square 16mo. 6s.
- Rambles in the Footsteps of Don Quixote. By H. D. Inglis. Illustrations by Cruikshank. Post 8vo. 9s. cloth.
- Hints to Servants. By a Bachelor. 32mo. 1s.
- Commentaries on the Colonial and Foreign Laws. By W. Burge. 4 vols. royal 8vo. 6l. 6s.
- The Journal and Letters of the Rev. H. Martyn. Edited by the Rev. S. Wilberforce. 2 vols. 8vo. 21s.
- Book of Beauty, 1838. 21s.
- Alison's History of Europe. Vol. VI. 8vo. 15s.

- Auber's Rise and Progress of the British Power in India. Vol. II. 8vo. 21s.
 Leithead on Electricity. 12mo. 8s.
 Watt on the Progress and Present State of the Science of Life Insurance. 8vo. 8s.
 Fordyce's Outlines of Naval Routine. Royal 8vo. 10s. 6d.
 Practical Religion, (Twelve Sermons.) 8vo. 4s.
 Diatessaron, or History of our Saviour. 8vo. 5s.
 Memoirs of Mrs. Harriet W. Winslow, with Essay. By the Rev. J. H. Evans. 12mo. 5s.
 Jamieson's Eastern Manners, (New Testament.) 12mo. 3s. 6d.
 Duncan's Sacred Philosophy of the Seasons. Vol. IV. (Autumn.) Fscap. 6s.
 Head's Home Tour. Vol. II. Post 8vo. 9s. 6d.
 Russell's Judgment of the Anglican Church. 8vo. 10s. 6d.
 The Pickwick Papers. 1 vol. 8vo. 21s. :
 Kittoe's Domestic Medical Pocket Book. 12mo. 10s. 6d.
 Hooker's Icones Plantarum. 2 vols. 8vo. 2l. 16s.
 Hood on Warming Buildings by Hot Water. 8vo. 10s. 6d.
 The Poetical Works of Richard Llwyd. 12mo. 10s. 6d.
 The Comic Almanac, 1838. 2s. 6d.

LITERARY NEWS.—WORKS IN PROGRESS.

Miss Martineau has, we understand, a new work in the Press, intitled, "RECOLLECTIONS OF WESTERN TRAVEL, which will form a sort of sequel to her former able volumes, "SOCIETY IN AMERICA." These Recollections will contain Miss Martineau's personal narrative of her late Travels in America. From the few sketches of this kind in her former work, we anticipate great pleasure from the perusal of the forthcoming volumes.

The new and corrected edition of Mr. LODGE's valuable "PEERAGE" is to be published on the 15th instant.

"WARNER ARUNDEL, or the Memoir of a Creole," will also appear about the same date.

A new cabinet edition of "Walton's Lives of Donne, Wotton, Hooker, Herbert, and Sanderson, with illustrated plates." The Book of Family Crests, to contain the blazonry of every bearing, with mottos and engravings.

The Rev. Mr. Forster has nearly ready a new edition of "The Life of John Jebb, D.D., F.R.S., late Bishop of Limerick, Ardfer, and Aghadoe, with a Selection from his Letters." The two volumes compressed into one volume.

In the Press, and nearly ready, "Divine Emblems;" with engravings, after the fashion of Master Francis Quarles, by Johann Abrecht, A.M.

THE DRAMA.

The English, it is said, are not a theatre-going people, and yet what country (ancient Greece alone excepted, the history of whose stage is that of the dramatic art in general) can compete with the works of their dramatic poets? How can we reconcile these facts? Perhaps the only plausible solution of the apparent difficulty is, that the English are a people of so essentially commercial a character, that they do not turn mere amusements into the business of life. But the truth is, that almost every circumstance connected with the drama presents, at the first view at least, an anomaly. Although a disposition to fictitious representation seems to be inherent in human nature, and is equally to be observed in the childhood of man, and in the infancy of nations, yet the love of fictitious representation does not invariably grow with the growth of man; neither is the dramatic art always cultivated by nations in proportion as they make proficiency in literature. The Greeks, the excellence of whose attainments is almost wholly unconnected with the previous cultivation of any other countries, created in almost every respect their own literature, and raised the subjects of fictitious representation from the pastimes of children and rude games, public sports and pageants of imaginary deities, to the po-

lished and regulated drama, the subject of severe rule, and the medium of expressing the noblest thoughts, clothed in the noblest poetry, and the most expressive language. But when the drama was transplanted to Rome, the Italian ground did not prove to the tender plant a congenial soil; it languished under the forced culture of imitation, weak and inanimate. The Romans wanted what the Greeks pre-eminently possessed, originality and simplicity; they attempted to reach by elaborate artifice beauties, whose existence depend on their being natural and unsought; they had but one great idea, and that idea has given their works an appearance of dignity and worthiness—that of the greatness, the power, the unrivalled dominion of Rome: for that they were content to be “prodigal of their great souls,” determined to be the foremost men of all the world. In literature it was otherwise, they were willing to follow, to copy; and literature cannot live by mere imitation; to render it animate and strong, the imitation must extend the field and increase the power of native genius. Again, no mention of a theatre, or a drama, is made by any author who has treated of the manners and customs of the ancient Egyptians, whose knowledge had been celebrated, by sacred authority, with an epigrammatic force, as “all the learning of the Egyptians;” and neither the Persians, nor the Arabians,—though both were exquisitely alive to the beauties of poetry,—possessed a national drama. In more modern times, and within our own division of the globe, there is a striking example of the anomalies connected with the dramatic art, in the difference which exists between two people essentially the same in all their physical wants and enjoyments. The dramatic literature of Spain is unsurpassed in richness, invention, and variety; and equals in fecundity Athenian genius:

“Invention, interest, sprightly turns in plays,
Say what they will, are Spain’s peculiar praise;
Hers are the plots, which strict attention seize,
Full of intrigue, and yet disclosed with ease.
Hence acts and scenes her fertile stage affords,
Unknown, unrivall’d on the foreign boards.”

Yet the Portuguese, though not inferior to their neighbours, in other branches of poetical composition, have never possessed a national theatre; and, which is still more strange, so great is their predilection for this species of amusements, that, we are told by those who ought to be informed, that they find great delight in attending the imperfect efforts of the ambulatory troops of Spanish comedians, who wander from city to city. Who again can satisfactorily account for the origin of that age of European greatness, the close of the 16th century; when the little island we inhabit was adorned by statesmen, warriors, divines, scholars, poets, and philosophers—Raleigh, Drake, Bacon, Coke, Hooker, Shakspeare, Spenser, Sidney, Jonson, Beaumont, and Fletcher—who by their words and acts were benefactors of their country and ornaments of human nature, and a host of others now comparatively, “poor, poor dumb names,”—“how lov’d, how honour’d once, avails them not,”—all men whom fame has eternised in her long and enduring scroll? What an age must that have been which can afford to have the works of such men as Webster, Decker, Marston, Marlow, Chapman, Heywood, Middleton, and Rowley, all friends and fellow-labourers of Shakspeare, and rivals of Jonson, comparatively forgotten. Almost the only mode by which we can now truly appreciate that extraordinary age, is through the medium of the stage, “which draws the curtain of time, and shews the picture of genius.”

If we were asked to test in any country the tone of public taste which pervaded its inhabitants, we should immediately direct our attention to the stage, convinced that nothing is at once more the cause and indication of a vigorous and healthy tone of public feeling, than high dramatic excellence, and popular interest in its exhibition. Whether the stage in this country was ever largely exercised, (and in our opinion it has not since the much-appreciated genius of Ben Jonson adapted his various knowledge of the past to a portraiture of his own period,) the not least moral of its prerogatives, viz. to hold the mirror up to existing customs, and to correct folly by exhibiting it, has little to do with its real importance. The painter of the manners and customs of the times; the drawer of a particular character of men, a variety rather than the species, have their day and are no more heard of; but the depicter of mankind and human nature, raises his theatre on a more durable basis, and lives immortal in the human heart. The highest province of the drama is to exalt the standard of sentiment and opinion, to treat of human nature under its noblest forms, and to invest thoughts and actions of others with an air of superiority.

What a fearful state then must that public taste be in, when it has become unprofitable for the managers of theatres to enter on the Quixotic undertaking of bringing out new plays having such objects, and when it is profitable for them to exhibit elephants from Siam, bulls from Guzherat, superstitions and diablerie from Germany, and farces and dancers from France? When burlesques and travesties are more beneficial to their treasury than Othello, and Romeo and Juliet? When performers rule the destiny of dramatic genius? When buffoonery and indecency succeed where "patient merit" and sterling acting starve? When Rice can make a fortune by singing an abomination, (the title of which ought to be banished from the continent of Europe, to that portion of the globe where insolvency is the test of good citizenship, and bankruptcy the way to wealth,) and Dowton is permitted to remain neglected in "his mild decay," or patronised only by far less deserving actors, when a legitimate play is to be performed on a benefit night? The British stage during the last twenty years has been in a most unsatisfactory state. There has been no dearth of good actors, and yet the art has declined; there has been no great deficiency of dramatic talent, and yet good plays have not been written. We fear the cause of this lies deeper than is generally supposed, and will prove difficult of eradication or correction. The influence attributed of old to the stage has passed into new directions: novels now represent manners, and periodicals opinions. The higher, the more abstruse, the more extended branches of morals are but slightly and feebly cultivated. The age in which we live is a mechanical age, governed by the doctrines of "utility." Everything that is agreeable or ornamental in human life is to be exploded for, or to give precedence to, the useful; forgetful of the end in endeavouring to reach the means. The warm flesh and blood of genuine humanity are now transformed into heads of clay and hearts of steel; sentiment is impaled, and enjoyment tortured. How few can now appreciate the strain of exulting enthusiasm expressed by Spenser:—

"What more felicity can fall to creature
Then to enjoy delight with liberty,
And to be lord of all the works of nature?
To reign in the air from earth to highest sky,
To feed on flowers and weeds of glorious feature,
To taste whatever thing doth please the eye?
Who rests not pleased with such happiness,
Well worthy he to taste of wretchedness!"

Without entirely agreeing in the description, or thinking that the writer solves the real reason of the present condition of the British drama, there is so much truth in what the "Edinburgh Review," in the last number, says of the stage, that we present our readers with the melancholy portraiture:—

"The reading and critical part of the public have deserted the theatre chiefly because talent is growing more and more solitary, and fastidious in its habits, and the lonely enjoyments of literature engross so much of its attention, as to leave little time for the socialities of the stage. Fashionable people eschew it because it interferes with fashionable hours, and because it brings them into unfashionable places and company. And of the more sober and simple class of society—in which perhaps, no longer than the later days of Garrick, and the earlier ones of Kemble, the drama found its strongest support—prevalent religious scruples, it is said, now keep away a very large proportion. Theatrical writers have of course participated in this decay. The largest division consists, as it always did, of regular mercenaries—we mean no disrespect by the phrase—men who make that employment an exclusive or subsidiary profession. Many of them are of no common order of talent, but their object is merely to *sell*. Adaptations from French farces, occasional pieces to suit the talents of particular actors, and those lowest specimens of what the human intellect can do, the *libretti* of comic operas;—these are the commodities in which they chiefly deal. And, like men of sense, they make it their business to please the taste of the day, although they may be occasionally heard at theatrical fund dinners, and on similar exciting occasions, to talk big about guiding and purifying it. The other, and unprofessional class of dramatists, (those on whom we chiefly depend for contributions to the regular drama, which requires too great an outlay of time and mind, the author's capital, to be taken up by any of the operatives,) is unfortunately small in number, and poor in names. How can it be otherwise when, in despite of what Mr. Bulwer's legislative labours have effected, both the

fame and the profit of a well-puffed fashionable novel are so likely to exceed by far the utmost which can be attained in the labours of the higher drama. Ambition, in this line, seems to be generally regarded as at once more hopeless and less creditable than in any other. And, as far as tragedy is concerned, it appears to have been abandoned of late years almost exclusively to a peculiar set or clique of authors, mutually patronising and patronised by our few tragic actors; drawing their notions of external things from the scenery of the stage painter, their character and language from the green-room; and the stage thus produces the drama instead of serving for its developement, and very seldom receives any fresh accession of thought or vigorous life from the world of man or nature without." In one point of view do we cordially agree with the writer, as to the reason why fashionable people no longer support our national drama. What a contemptible thing is fashion in England! We venture to predict that long before the present generation shall have passed away, the portals of the Italian opera will be as much deserted by fashionables as the doors of Covent Garden or Drury Lane now are. English fashion covets the acquired advantages, and despises the natural; it aspires to wealth, and contemns wit? Respectability is in this country another name for money; and the points on which fashionable competitors are the most anxious to vie with each other, are the exact points on which personal merit has the least possible weight in the competition. The great object of fashion is to give ruinous entertainments, which do not relieve dulness, but render it pompous, not for the sake of pleasure, but with a prospective yearning to the columns of the "Morning Post." Another distinguishing feature of fashion is its want of enthusiasm for genius, and its enthusiasm for distinction of a more sounding kind. A great foreign author, (not a vulgar novelist like Mr. Cooper,) arriving in England, is sure to be neglected for his own sake, while a petty prince, an imported musician, or a beautiful dancer is sure of being eagerly courted. Again, behold the repressing influence of ridicule over fashion in England; it is unfashionable to feel, or even to affect, a gallant sentiment, or a generous emotion; but it is quite fashionable to adopt a certain affected, measured, and cold demeanour, and to sneer at sentiments that are noble. Fashion in England is as independent of the court, as it is supercilious to genius; and long may the court remain, as it has yet ever been, independent of fashion. Assuredly the stage can receive but little advantage from any connexion with it, and managers, as Mr. Bann can testify, have only courted more swiftly their own destruction by endeavouring to conciliate the withering monster.

The prospects of the British drama are now, however, becoming more bright and favourable. Mr. Macready, so long the ornament of our stage, has become the manager of one of our national theatres, for the express purpose of endeavouring once more to establish the national drama on its legitimate throne. From his youth a devoted admirer, and a just appreciator, of the importance and capabilities of the art, which he has adorned, he is about to devote his mature years and his fine judgment to an attempt to purify and direct the public taste, and revive the realisation of that portion of literature in which England stands unrivalled in modern times, and unsurpassed by ancient genius. Let us trust that in this honourable enterprise he will meet with generous support from the public, cordial co-operation from his brethren of the sock and buskin, and active assistance from dramatic talent. That he will faithfully do his duty to the public none who have witnessed his past career, in which he has done so much to overcome prejudice, support good taste, and encourage merit, will for a moment doubt; let then the public only energetically aid him, and the pulmy days of the British stage, which produced a Mohun, a Betterton, an Abington, a Garrick, a Kemble, and a Siddons, will be revived on the boards of Covent Garden. No actor in the later history of our drama, and perhaps none in the earlier, has done more than Mr. Macready, in endeavouring, to use his own words, "to appropriate the stage to its legitimate and nobler purposes." Whatever may be his future success his name will descend with those of the authors of *William Tell* and *Virginius*, *Mirandola*, *Werner*, *Ion*, and *The Bridal*, to literary immortality. If we may judge from what his career, as an actor and a scholar, has been, we will venture to predict increased renown, and we trust increased wealth, to him in his character as manager. From Mr. Macready's management we not only anticipate the realisation of his own wish as to appropriation of the stage to its nobler purposes, but consequently thereon a more enlightened and refined audience; we look forward to see the boxes of Covent Garden again the resort of the genius, the information, and the rising talent of the country, when they will cease to lay under the stigma too truly imputed to them by Sir Walter Scott, in a letter just published by Mr. Lockhart, of being filled by a company "one half of whom come to prosecute their debaucheries

so openly that it would degrade a bagnio, and another set to snooze off their beef steaks and port wine."

Great has been the cavilling in certain quarters at the terms on which Mr. Macready has been allowed to take Covent Garden Theatre. In the first place the engagements between Mr. Macready and his lessors are matters with which the public has nothing to do; and, in the second place, if they were matters which really did concern the town, it must not be forgotten that the new lessee of Covent Garden invests in his attempt what has been more rare than even that scarce commodity capital, in similar undertakings of late years, character and past reputation. Many also have been the suggestions made to Mr. Macready as to the manner in which he should conduct a national theatre. All that we shall add is a wish that he may conduct it in the same spirit that has regulated his past professional life, and which so unobtrusively pervades every line of his eloquent and able preface to *The Bridal*. Whether Mr. Macready intends to raise the prices of admission we know not; if he do, we imagine, although ready to admit they were reduced by the late lessee to too low a scale, he will find it rather a hazardous experiment. It is as dangerous to tamper with the prices of theatrical admissions as the Whigs represent it to be to tamper with the currency. One thing is most certain, that the public in general neither can nor will afford to support even one theatre at the high prices. One fact we do most seriously impress upon the new manager, that public decency cannot, and ought not, to permit those gross violations of decorum which were constantly occurring in the boxes during the two last seasons. All persons of respectability were actually driven from the undress circles by their being turned into a bagnio 'change. Ladies formerly either went alone or with their male friends to these circles; now if they do they are obliged to herd with the lowest prostitutes. We never enter the upper circles of our national theatres without having Coleridge's lines most forcibly recalled to our memory,

" Maiden, that with sullen brow
Sitt'st behind those virgins gay,
Like a scorched and mildew'd bough,
Leafless, mid the blooms of May," &c. &c.

These things are not tolerated in much less moral countries than England, and why should they be suffered in London?

Mr. Macready, it is said, will, in his new undertaking, have to encounter the feeble efforts, doubtless most forcibly made known to the town, of Mr. Bunn, whose management, the committee of Drury Lane most amusingly inform the proprietors, has sustained the previous high character of the house, but has not enabled him to to pay his rent! If Mr. Bunn wish to succeed he ought not, under the present circumstances, to attempt tragedy or comedy, but adhere to opera, farce, and dancing. If he do not, he will do himself no good, but may add to the injury he has already inflicted on the national drama. It was the opinion of Colley Cibber, a tolerable judge of such matters, that in his days, the metropolis could only support one legitimate theatre, having a legitimate company, and acting legitimate plays. In the present state of the public taste, and with the disastrous competition of those leeches so fatal to the vitality of the nobler purposes of the drama, the minor theatres, Colley Cibber's opinion is, we believe, applicable to the present times. The number of theatres in London would appear to have always exceeded the legitimate demand; Prynne, in his *Hisrio Mastix*, enumerates nineteen theatres in London in 1630; and it has been wittily remarked in the present day, in reference to the increasing number of the minor houses, that they would soon become *majors*.

The precise period of Mr. Macready's entering on the management of Covent Garden is doubtless an extremely favourable one. The throne is now filled by a sovereign, attached it is understood, we may say, it is apparent, to the drama; of an age when dramatic representations are most congenial to the enthusiastic feelings; and of a sex which most deeply enters into the joys, and most acutely feels the sorrows, of humanity. Her Majesty's taste has not as yet been perverted by intercourse with the world, nor the natural enthusiasm of youth as yet repressed by the influence of a court. There also appears to be a wise disposition in the Queen to reside more frequently in the metropolis of her mighty kingdoms, and to enter more frequently into the amusements of her subjects, than her Majesty's immediate predecessors have done. It is therefore natural to suppose that the Queen will warmly patronise the drama of her native country, a drama of which Shakspeare is the chief, but far from being the only ornament; and which, although its renown cannot be ultimately increased or diminished by royal support, it is honourable even for the throne to honour.

THE COMMERCIAL RELATIONS OF THE COUNTRY.

Our export trade continues to improve, though it can scarcely be expected, after the late revulsion, to have regained its former activity. The accounts from the manufacturing districts are still cheering. The sales of cotton at Liverpool during the month have been very considerable and at improved prices.

PRICES OF THE PUBLIC FUNDS,

On Friday, 24th of November.

ENGLISH STOCKS.

Bank Stock, 212 one-half.—Three per Cent. Consols, 93 three-eighths.—Three per Cent. reduced, 92 three-eighths.—Three and a Half per Cent., reduced, 99 three-fourths.—Consols for Account, 93 three-eighths.—Exchequer Bills, 43s. to 46s. p.—India Bonds, 30s. to 31s. p.

FOREIGN STOCKS.

Portuguese Five per Cent. 30 one-half. Dutch, Two and a Half per Cent., 54 one-quarter.—Dutch, Five per Cent., 102 one-quarter.—Spanish Five per Cent. 20 one-eighth.

MONEY MARKET REPORT.—Nov. 24th. The increased downward tendency of the foreign exchanges, which were noticed successively for the last four or five post days, is beginning to attract considerable attention amongst our merchants and cambists. This afternoon the supply of bills was greatly exceeded by the demand, and in some instances the quotations are rather lower than on the last post day. On Amsterdam, for first rate paper, some quote the exchange at 12 $2\frac{1}{2}$ a $\frac{3}{4}$; others at 12 3 a 12 $3\frac{1}{4}$. On Rotterdam them they are 12 $4\frac{1}{2}$. a 12 $4\frac{1}{2}$. On Hamburg 13 11 $\frac{1}{2}$ a 13 11 $\frac{3}{4}$. On Paris they are 25f. 72 $\frac{1}{2}$ c. a 25f. 77 $\frac{1}{2}$.

As is usual, on the approach of the settling day, there has been rather more business in the British funds, attended with some fluctuations, particularly in the Consol Market, arising chiefly from the strong evidence that this will turn out to be a bull account. Consols receded in the early part of the day to 93 $\frac{1}{4}$ a $\frac{3}{8}$, but at the close they are quoted at 93 a $\frac{1}{2}$ for money and the present account. The quotation for the next account is 92 $\frac{5}{8}$ a $\frac{3}{4}$. The Three-and-a-Half per Cent. Reduced Annuities have receded from 99 $\frac{3}{4}$ a $\frac{3}{4}$ to 99 $\frac{5}{8}$ a $\frac{3}{4}$; and the New Three-and-a-Half per Cents are 100 $\frac{3}{4}$ to 101 $\frac{1}{4}$. Bank Stock is 212; and India Stock 270 $\frac{1}{2}$ money.

The Foreign Market generally has been very flat to-day. Spanish Bonds are 20 $\frac{1}{2}$, with the May Coupons, and Deferred Bonds are 6 $\frac{3}{4}$. Portuguese new Five per Cents are 30 $\frac{1}{2}$, and the Three per Cent. ditto 20 $\frac{1}{2}$. The Portuguese old Five per Cent Bonds, which were contracted for before the separation of the Brazils from Portugal, have declined to 70.

BANKRUPTS.

FROM OCT. 27, 1837, TO NOV. 24, 1837, INCLUSIVE.

Oct. 27.—M. A. Stevens and A. Oldroyd, Bedford Square, boarding and lodging house keepers.—G. S. Heywood, Exeter Street, Strand, wine merchant.—G. Revill, Blackman Street, Southwark, linen draper.—W. Clapham, Angel Inn, Strand, licensed victualler.—R. Wall, Great Yarmouth, linen draper.—J. Smith, Nottingham, victualler and brickmaker.—A. Pritchard, Emscole, Warwick, builder.—T. Giles, Leeds, joiner and builder.—R. Slack, Heafield, Derbyshire, paper manufacturer.

Oct. 31.—E. Riley, Argyll Place, Regent Street, tailor.—G. Craddock, Store Street, Bedford Square, chemist.—J. Mourison and W. Stone, Harp Lane, Tower Street, wine merchants.—J. Wilkins, Newport, Monmouthshire, corn factor.—J. Annely, St. Wollos, Monmouthshire, coal merchant.—S. and T. M. Simpson, Bailie Borough Mills, Cavan, Ireland, corn dealers.—J. Seals, Nottingham, lace manufacturer.—E. Preston, Nottingham, commission agent.—G. Richmond, Rinton, Staffordshire, miller.—H. Wilby, High Town, Yorkshire, card maker.—W. E. Freeman, Manchester, mercer.

Nov. 3.—R. and R. Hutchinson, jun. Minories, carriers.—N. Wehnert, Leicester Square, tailor.—J. Burgess, Lowestoft, Suffolk, cordwainer.—P. Wright, Leeds, grocer.

Nov. 7.—S. Stuart, Pall-mall, milliner.—J. Russell, Tunbridge Place, lodginghouse-keeper.—H. Gloyne, Wakefield, grocer.—T.

Dutton, Stockport, victualler.—T. Townshend, Birmingham, builder.—J. Reynolds, Thornea, Saddleworth, Yorkshire, woollen manufacturer.—R. S. Burkitt, Sheffield, draper.—T. Twase, Wellington, Somersetshire, grocer.

Nov. 10.—M. and W. H. Eburne, Rathbone Place, Oxford Street, coachmakers.—T. Oakley, Blandford Forum, Dorsetshire, printer.—M. H. L. G. Colnaghi, Cockspur Street, print-seller.—J. Clark, Keppel Street, Bloomsbury, dentist.—J. Vinton and D. Lawson, Brewer Street, woollen drapers.—G. Morgan, Birmingham, glass manufacturer.—J. Pyefinch, Shrewsbury, chemist and druggist.—W. Aked, Castleshaw, Yorkshire, cloth manufacturer.—J. Aked, Waters, Yorkshire, cloth manufacturer.—W. James, Eaton, Cheshire, silk throwster.—T. Pizzie, Bath, upholsterer.—W. Brunson, Cirencester, Gloucestershire, ironmonger.—W. Mole, Birmingham, brass founder.—J. Nicholls, Malvern Wells, Worcestershire, hotel-keeper.

Nov. 14.—W. Bonella, Booth Street, Spitalfields, cabinet maker.—P. Jay, Watford, Herts, linen-draper.—W. G. Hutchinson, Lisle Street, Leicester Square, carrier.—R. Mower, Shoreditch, woollen-draper.—J. Biggs, Basingstoke, Southampton, coachmaster.—A. G. Roussac, Austin Friars, London, merchant.—T. Theobald, Norwich, bombasin manufacturer.—W. Bevan, Brecon, Breconshire, malster.—J. Mills, Liverpool, butcher.—W.

Riddle, Lane-end, Staffordshire, draper.—J. King, Chewstoke, Somersetshire, ochre manufacturer.—J. E. Dumont, and F. V. Ellrodt, Liverpool, merchants.—S. Davis, Birmingham, brace manufacturer.—J. Sparrow, Shutt-end, Kingswinford, Staffordshire, seedsman.—H. W. Rollason, Birmingham, glass manufacturer.

Nov. 17.—B. Oram, Blackman Street, Southwark, chemist and druggist.—T. Gaunt, Upper Smith Street, Northampton Square, Goswell Road, iron master.—E. S. Bales, Teacher's Place, Wandsworth Road, omnibus proprietor.—R. Barber, sen., R. Barber, jun., and G. Barber, Southwark Bridge Road, hat manufacturers.—G. Snelling, jun. Worthing, Sussex, grocer.—J. Bolton, Leeds, machine maker.—B. and R. Wallis, Blackwall, ship-builders.—J. Price, Birmingham, glass manufacturer.—J. Hirst, Gomershall, Yorkshire, wool merchant.—J. S. Nathan, Bristol, furniture broker.—J. Ring, Chewstoke, Somersetshire, ochre manufacturer.—W. J. and S. Sowden, jun. and J. Sowden, Halifax, Yorkshire, worsted spinners.—J. Dale, Wisbech, St. Peter's, Ely, Cambridgeshire, woollen draper.—W. Brown, Liverpool, cotton dealer.—W. Creed, Shepton-Mallet, Somersetshire, grocer.—T. Bunn, Great Yarmouth, corn dealer.

Nov. 21.—J. Osborn, Upper Montague Street, Montague Square, horse dealer.—D. Boast, London Road, Surrey, chemist.—B. Fulwood, Hackney Road, manufacturing chemist.—S. Baldon, South Molton Street, tailor.—P. H. Roberts, Exeter, broker.—R. D. Wilmot, Liverpool, merchant.—J. Ferguson, Hanging Heaton, Yorkshire, manufacturer.—J. Driver, Cambridge, hatter.—J. Yates, Manchester, dye wood grinder.—T. Stokes, Clevedon, Somersetshire, innholder.—W. Pettifor, Nottingham, common carrier.—H. Godfrey, Leamington Priors, chemist.—H. Shuckburgh, Bristol, grocer.—R. D. Murphy, Liverpool wine merchant.—J. H. Webster, Lowestoft, Suffolk, linen draper.—W. Burnell, Wortley, Yorkshire, cloth manufacturer.

Nov. 24. J. Moore, Leather Lane, Holborn, builder.—J. W. A. Parsons, Wigmore Street, Cavendish Square, hosier.—W. Hadnutt, William Street, Lambeth Marsh, carpenter.—W. Mallet, Laurence Lane, Cheapside, warehouseman.—J. R. Clark, Carlton, Royston, Yorkshire, grocer.—F. Symonds, Bildestone, Suffolk, miller.—J. Slinger, Liverpool, wine merchant.—C. J. Marriot, Leamington Priors, Warwickshire, grocer.—W. Wonfor, Chesterton, Cambridgeshire, innkeeper.—D. Johnson, Birmingham, druggist.—E. Clarke, Leamington Priors, Warwickshire, builder.

NEW PATENTS.

T. S. Mackintosh, of Coleman Street, in the city of London, Engineer, and W. A. Robertson of Islington, Middlesex, Gentleman, for certain improvements in steam-engines. September 28th, 6 months.

F. Hoard, of Demarara, but now of Liverpool, Esq. for improvements in making sugar. September 30th, 6 months.

J. Dickson, of Charlotte Street, Blackfriars Road, Engineer, for certain improvements in steam-engines, and in generating steam. September 30th, 6 months.

T. Clarke, Doctor of Medicine, Professor of Chemistry, in Marischal College, Aberdeen, for improved apparatus to be used in manufacturing sulphuric acid. September 30th, 6 months.

J. Whitworth, of Manchester, Lancashire, Engineer, for certain improvements in machinery, tools, or apparatus, for turning, boring, planing, and cutting metals and other materials. October 5th, 6 months.

O. Topham, of White Cross Street, in the parish of St. Luke's, Middlesex, Engineer and Millwright, for certain improvements in the construction of sluice cocks for water-works, and which improved construction of cocks is also applicable to steam, gas, and other purposes. October 5th, 6 months.

J. Loach, of Birmingham, Warwickshire, Brass Founder, for improvements in roller-blind furniture, and in the mode of manufacturing the same, part of which improvements are applicable also to other purposes. October 5th, 6 months.

J. T. Betts, of Smithfield Bars, in the city of London, Rectifyer, for improvements in the process of preparing spirituous liquors in the making of brandy. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. October 5th, 6 months.

A. Pieux De Rigel, of Vienna, but now residing at Beaufort Buildings, Strand, Middlesex, Engineer, for improvements in steam-engines. October 14th, 6 months.

T. Vaux, of Woodford, Essex, Land Surveyor, for improvements in tilling and fertilizing land. October 14th, 6 months.

H. Q. Tenneron, late of Paris, in the kingdom of France, but now of Leicester Square, Middlesex, Gentleman, for an improved construction of the portable vessels used for containing portable gas, and of the apparatus or machinery used for compressing such gas therein, and of apparatus or mechanism for regulating the issue or supply of gas either from a portable vessel or from a fixed pipe communicating with an ordinary gasometer. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. September 19th, 6 months.

E. F. J. Duclos, late of Samson, in the kingdom of Belgium, but now of Church, Lancashire, Gentleman, for improvements in manufacturing iron. October 20th, 6 months.

H. R. Palmer, of Great George Street, Westminster, Civil Engineer, for improvements in giving motion to barges and other vessels on canals. October 20th, 6 months.

J. F. Grosjean, of Soho Square, Middlesex, Musical Instrument Maker, for certain improvements on harps, which improvements are applicable to other musical stringed instruments. October 20th, 6 months.

M. Berry, of Chancery Lane, Middlesex, Civil Engineer, and Mechanical Draftsman, for certain improvements in the preparation of palm oil, whereby it is rendered applicable to the woollen manufactures, lubricating of machinery, and other useful purposes to which it has not hitherto been applied. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. October 26th, 6 months.

M. Berry, of Chancery Lane, Middlesex, Civil Engineer, and Mechanical Draftsman, for certain improvements in machinery for heckling or combing, and preparing, and roving hemp, flax, tow, and such other vegetable fibrous substances. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. October 26th, 6 months.

MONTHLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Kept at Edmonton. Latitude $51^{\circ} 37' 32''$ N. Longitude $3^{\circ} 51''$ West of Greenwich.

The warmth of the day is observed by means of a Thermometer exposed to the North in the shade, standing about four feet above the surface of the ground. The extreme cold of the night is ascertained by an horizontal self-registering Thermometer in a similar situation. The daily range of the Barometer is known from observations made at intervals of four hours each, from eight in the morning till the same time in the evening. The weather and the direction of the wind are the result of the most frequent observations. The rain is measured every morning at eight o'clock.

| 1837. | Range of Ther. | Range of Barom. | Prevailing Winds. | Rain in Inches | Prevailing Weather. |
|-------|----------------|-----------------|-------------------|----------------|---|
| Oct. | | | | | |
| 23 | 50-49 | 30.00-29.75 | S.W. | | Cloudy, rain in the morning and evening. [rain. |
| 24 | 54-47 | 29.56-29.48 | S.W. | .285 | Evening clear, otherwise cloudy with frequent |
| 25 | 47-32 | 29.02-29.53 | N. | .3 | Generally clear, rain in the morning. |
| 26 | 54-29 | 29.95-29.80 | S.W. | .1 | Morning clear, otherwise overcast. |
| 27 | 53-47 | 29.58-29.44 | S.W. | | Morning cloudy, with rain, otherwise clear. |
| 28 | 51-35 | 29.60-29.32 | S.W. | .175 | Cloudy, rain in the afternoon. [clear. |
| 29 | 47-33 | 29.40-29.38 | S.W. | .325 | Afternoon cloudy, with rain and hail, otherwise |
| 30 | 57-34 | 29.35-29.19 | S.W. | .05 | Cloudy, with rain at times. |
| 31 | 49-40 | 29.43-29.31 | S.W. | .125 | Generally clear. |
| Nov. | | | | | |
| 1 | 57-37 | 29.02-28.76 | S.W. | 4, | [during the day. Evening clear, otherwise cloudy, frequent rain |
| 2 | 47-37 | 29.14-29.04 | S.W. | | Morning cloudy, with rain & hail, otherwise clear. |
| 3 | 46-29 | 29.36-29.20 | S.W. | .15 | Generally clear. |
| 4 | 47-29 | 29.91-29.40 | N.W. | | Generally clear. |
| 5 | 49-31 | 30.05-29.95 | W. | | Evening clear, otherwise cloudy. |
| 6 | 45-28 | 30.29-30.17 | N.W. | | Generally clear. |
| 7 | 44-23 | 30.32-30.29 | N. | | Morning foggy, otherwise clear. |
| 8 | 39-20 | 30.23-30.15 | S.E. | | Foggy. [ing. |
| 9 | 45-21 | 30.07-29.95 | S. | | Cloudy, light rain, during the afternoon and even- |
| 10 | 55-41 | 29.91-29.85 | W. | .05 | Cloudy, rain at times. |
| 11 | 54-43 | 29.89-29.84 | W. | .0125 | Generally clear. |
| *12 | 45-38 | 30.04-29.89 | N.W. | | Generally clear. |
| 13 | 47-29 | 30.04-29.82 | W. | | Cloudy, with rain, |
| 14 | 47-40 | 29.53-29.45 | W. | .225 | Cloudy with rain, clear about 9 P.M. |
| †15 | 45-30 | 29.97-29.83 | N. | .0375 | Generally clear, except the afternoon with rain |
| 16 | 39-26 | 29.93-29.87 | N.E. | | Generally clear. |
| 17 | 40-22 | 29.96-29.88 | N. | | Generally clear. |
| 18 | 39-21 | 30.02-29.96 | W. | | Overcast, a little rain in the afternoon. |
| 19 | 53-39 | 29.94-29.79 | S.W. | | Morning clear, otherwise cloudy, with rain. |
| 20 | 47-36 | 29.80-29.65 | S.W. | .1125 | Generally clear. |
| 21 | 47-29 | 29.86-29.73 | S.W. | | Generally clear. |
| 22 | 55-33 | 29.86-29.81 | S.W. | .05 | Cloudy, with light rain. |

* Aurora Borealis. The aurora on the evening of the 12th, from 5 till after 10 o'clock, when the coruscations, though few, were vivid and of a deeply-red colour.

† Again on the evening of the 15th, about 7, when the aurora was remarkably brilliant, it was even more splendid, the coruscations were white, and also more numerous, vivid and extensive, and apparently based upon a deep crimson ground.

About 8 o'clock on the evening of the 12th, a brilliant meteor passed through Ursa Major.

Edmonton.

CHARLES HENRY ADAMS.

HISTORICAL REGISTER.

POLITICAL JOURNAL.—NOVEMBER, 1837.

Parliament assembled, as appointed, on the 15th of November, and Mr. Abercromby having been again chosen Speaker, the Session was opened on the 20th by her Majesty in person, in the following speech, which was pronounced with much feeling and emphasis.

“ My Lords and Gentlemen,

“ I have thought it right to assemble you for the transaction of public business at the earliest convenient period after the dissolution of the late Parliament.

“ It is with great satisfaction that I have received from all foreign powers the strongest assurances of their friendly disposition, and of their earnest desire to cultivate and maintain with me the relations of amity; and I rejoice in the prospect that I shall be able to promote the best interests of my subjects by securing to them the advantages of peace.

“ I lament that civil war still afflicts the kingdom of Spain. I continue to exercise with fidelity the engagements of my crown with the Queen of Spain, according to the stipulations of the treaty of quadruple alliance.

“ I have directed a treaty of commerce which I have concluded with the united republic of Peru and Bolivia to be laid before you, and I hope soon to be able to communicate to you similar results of my negotiations with other powers.

“ I recommend to your serious consideration the state of the provinces of Lower Canada.

“ Gentlemen of the House of Commons,

“ The demise of the Crown renders it necessary that a new provision should be made for the civil list. I place unreservedly at your disposal those hereditary revenues which were transferred to the public by my immediate predecessor, and I have commanded that such papers as may be necessary for the full examination of this subject, shall be prepared and laid before you. Desirous that the expenditure in this, as in every other department of the government, should be kept within due limits, I feel confident that you will gladly make adequate provision for the support of the honour and dignity of the Crown.

“ The estimates for the services of next year are in course of preparation, and will be laid before you at the accustomed period. I have directed that the utmost economy should be enforced in every branch of the public expenditure.

“ My Lords and Gentlemen,

“ The external peace and domestic tranquillity which at present happily prevail, are very favourable for the consideration of such measures of reformation and amendment as may be necessary or expedient, and your attention will naturally be directed to that course of legislation which was interrupted by the necessary dissolution of the last Parliament.

“ The result of the inquiries which have been made into the condition of the poor in Ireland has been already laid before Parliament, and it will be your duty to consult whether it may not be safe and wise to establish by law some well-regulated means of relief for the destitute in that country.

“ The municipal government of the cities and towns in Ireland calls for better regulation.

“ The laws which govern the collection of the tithe composition in Ireland require revision and amendment. Convinced that the better and more effectual administration of justice is amongst the first duties of a Sovereign, I request your attention to those measures which will be submitted to you for the improvement of the law.

“ You cannot but be sensible of the deep importance of these questions which I have submitted to you, and of the necessity of treating them in that spirit of impartiality and justice which affords the best hope of bringing them to a happy and useful termination. In meeting this Parliament, the first that has been elected under my authority, I am anxious to declare my confidence in your loyalty and wisdom. The early age at which I am called to the sovereignty of this kingdom renders it a more imperative duty, that, under Divine Providence, I should place my reliance upon your cordial co-operation, and upon the love and affection of all my people.”

HOUSE OF LORDS, Nov. 20.—On the House re-assembling His Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex rose to move the address, which was a mere echo to the speech, and was seconded by Lord Portman.—The Duke of Wellington concluded the debate.

Nov. 21.—Lord Roden gave notice of a motion for certain papers on the state of Ireland, which he should move for on Monday.

Nov. 23.—Business was confined to the presentation of petitions.

Nov. 24.—Lord Brougham rose and moved for certain colonial returns, which were granted without opposition.—The Lord Chancellor then laid on the table the imprisonment for debt abolition bill—a bill for abolishing imprisonment for debt, except in certain cases of fraud, and gave notice, that in now moving the first reading of the bill, he should move the second reading of it on the first Tuesday of next month.

HOUSE OF COMMONS, Nov. 20.—Lord Leveson moved the address, which Mr. Gibson Craig seconded.—Mr. Wakley moved three amendments to be interpolated in the address:—the first was, “That this house embrace the earliest opportunity of respectfully assuring her Majesty that it will, in the present session of Parliament, take into its consideration the state of the representation of the people in this branch of the legislature, with a view to ensure by law an equitable extension of the elective franchise.” The next amendment was as follows:—“That this House respectfully acquaints her Majesty that it will, in the present session of Parliament, take into consideration the necessity of protecting the people in the free exercise of their elective franchise, by enacting a law to establish a system of secret voting by means of the ballot.” The third Amendment was, “That this House take the present opportunity of respectfully stating to her Majesty that it will, in the present session of Parliament, take into consideration the propriety of repealing the septennial act.”—Sir William Molesworth supported the amendments.—Lord John Russell confessed to, and defended, the conciliatory nature of the address.—Sir Robert Peel gave to the address his cordial, his entire, and unqualified acquiescence.—Mr. Wakley’s amendments went to a division, when the two last were negatived without a division, and the first was negatived by 509 to 20.

Nov. 21.—Lord Leveson brought up the address in answer to her Majesty’s speech from the throne.—On the motion that it be received, Mr. Leader went, at some length, into the question of Lower Canada.—Lord John Russell defended his conduct.—Mr. C. Buller moved for and obtained leave to bring in a Bill to amend the Law of Elections.

Nov. 22.—Lord John Russell appeared at the bar, dressed in the Windsor uniform, and, addressing the Speaker, said, “Her Majesty having been waited on, and informed that an humble address to her Majesty had been agreed to in this house, has been pleased to appoint two o’clock this day for receiving the same.” The House accordingly adjourned, and the Speaker, in his state carriage, attended by a great number of members, occupying other carriages, went up with the address.

Nov. 23.—Her Majesty’s answer to the address of the Commons was read from the chair:—“I thank you for your loyal and dutiful address to me. It is my anxious wish to see my people happy and united. I rely with confidence on the temper and wisdom of the House of Commons, and their resolution to support the dignity of the crown, and their desire to promote the welfare of the whole country.” Mr. Blewitt gave notice of his intention on Wednesday next to move certain resolutions on the subject of the Spottiswoode conspiracy. In answer to a question from Captain Jones, Lord Morpeth stated that it was his intention to propose the renewal of the peace preservation act.—The order of the day for the consideration of the civil list was then gone into, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer moved for a committee on the civil list, consisting of 21 members, in a speech full of important details, from the reign of George II. to the present time.—Mr. D. Harvey then rose to move an amendment, which was seconded by Colonel Sibthorpe, but ultimately withdrawn.

Nov. 24.—The Speaker took the chair at a quarter before four o’clock. Some miscellaneous business was transacted, and several petitions presented.—Lord John Russell then rose and called the attention of the house to the report of the committee with respect to the business of the house.—Resolutions that all orders of the day should take precedence of motions on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, and also that on orders no amendment should be moved but for the reading of other orders fixed for the same day, except on committees of supply and of ways and means, were then put and agreed to. On the resolution being put that no member should put a notice on the book more than fifteen days before the day on which it was to come on, Sir R. Peel said, that he thought it would be more advisable to postpone the passing of this resolution till the commencement of next week, because in that case the fifteen days would comprise a larger number of notice days than if commenced to-day.—Mr. Hume moved the adjournment of the debate till Tuesday next. The house divided, for the adjournment, 66; for Lord John Russell’s motion, 354; majority for the motion, 288.

